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The voice of the Boating Community!

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Photo by John Brown III

*Captain Oddworm;
discovers Australia!*



Percy Island!



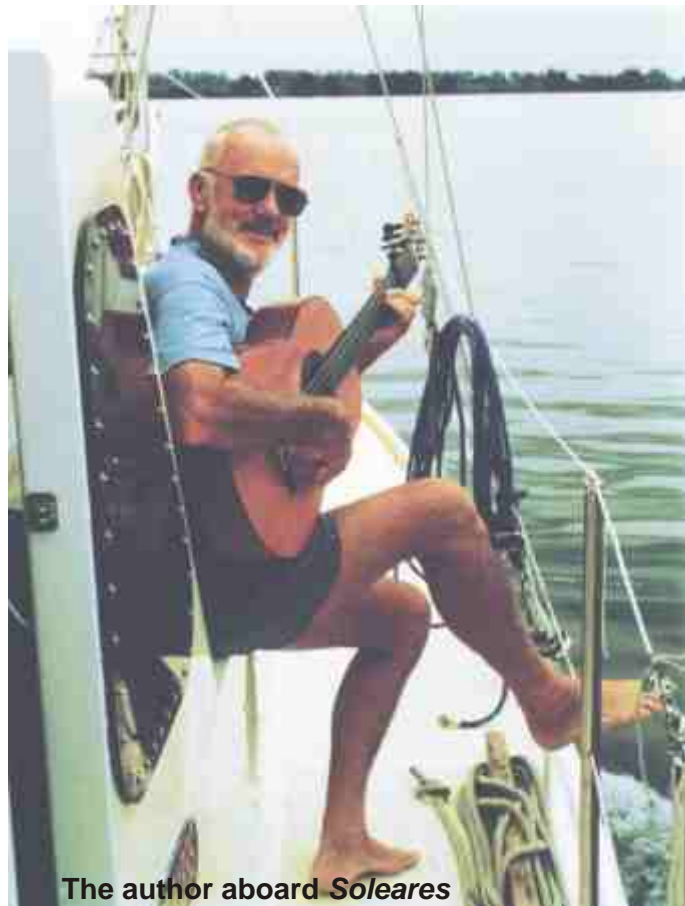
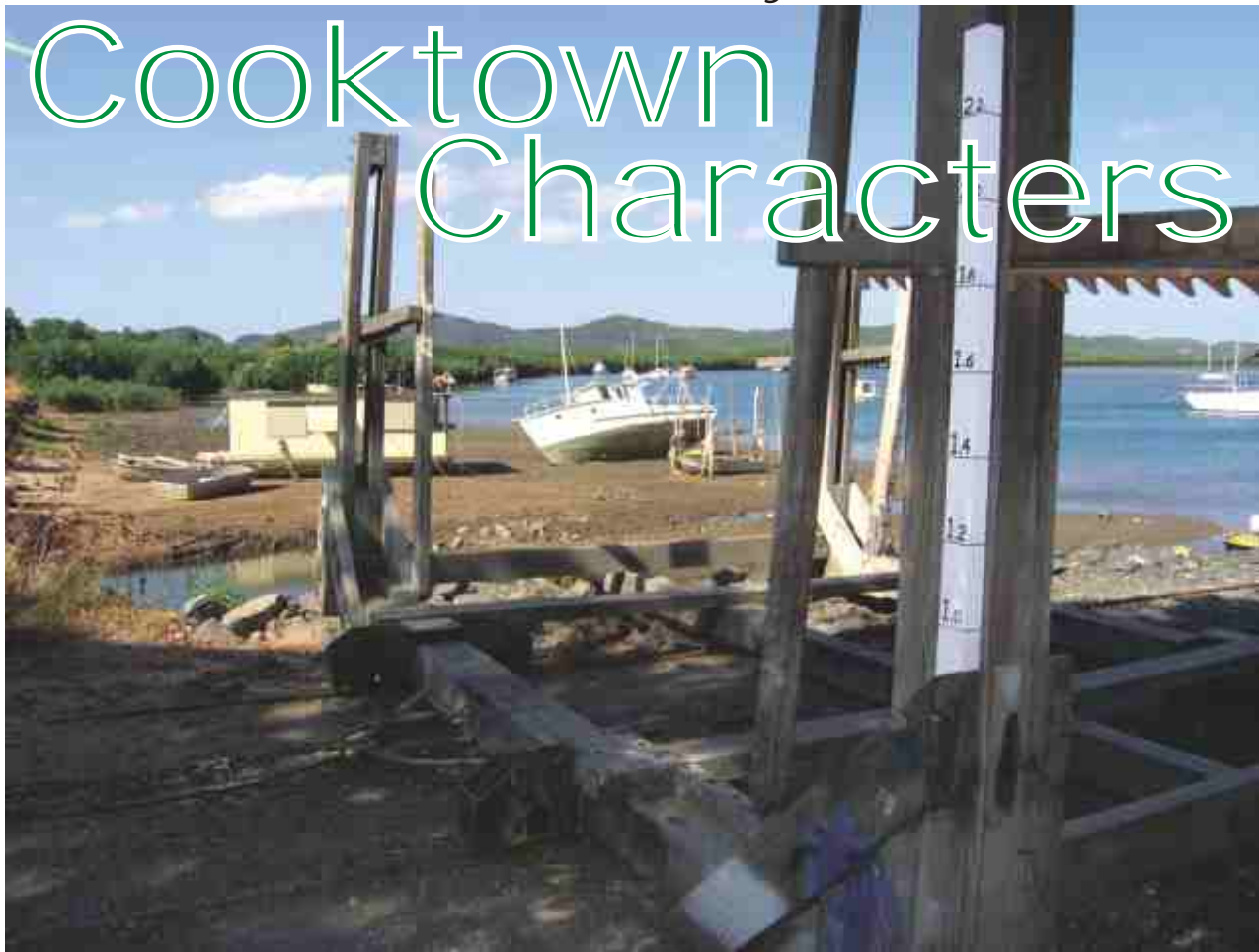
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Cooktown Characters



The author aboard Soleares

Before the invasion of 4-wheel drives and southern investors, Cooktown was a town of cheap land and unique characters, some weird, some nuts and others plain funny. The local butcher, for example, was as bald as a badger except for one amazingly fertile patch on his scalp where he grew a ponytail. With his head down wrapping meat, the ponytail would surrender to gravity and uncoil like a lazy spring towards the counter at which time he would deftly flick it aloft to resume its role as a sort of toupee covering much less of his baldness than he wanted to believe.

And when leaving the butchery or any shop for that matter, there was a fair chance of a Russian women standing on the opposite side of the street shouting heavily accented prophesies of doom regarding the Cuban missile crisis. I never did get her drift, but then, I doubt if she did either.

There was also a small sawmill near Cooktown Railway Station where, if you needed a piece of timber, the owner would escort you through his shed describing all the species available, then, on making your choice, he would refuse to sell it because, to quote him on a couple of occasions; 'I can't let you have *that* piece, I may need it to fix up me shed one day'.

If you were young and female as a couple of my friends were, camping in the derelict Buffalo's Hall (now the RSL), you were guaranteed a serenade from a dignified gentleman claiming to be a Duke who would daily waylay you on the street, bow, kiss your hand and sing you a love song. He was a thumping bore, but a delightfully well-mannered one.

Another character, memorable for how his employment marked the wonderful lack of progress in Cooktown in the early sixties, was the harbour lamplighter. It is difficult to

believe that less than fifty years ago the harbour's two entrance beacons burned kerosene and needed attention twice a day: once every evening to light them and once every morning to blow them out! The gentleman who performed this unusual task lived alone in the old powder magazine and used his lovely clinker rowboat for the job.

One Cooktown story I cannot confirm but can easily believe, involved an elderly couple living out in the sticks. According to those who knew them, they were mystified by their changed behaviour every time they stayed in town. After a day or two they became inhibited, up tight and took life much more seriously than back on the farm, and could never understand why. One popular theory was that on the farm they ate mushrooms with every meal, never realising that they were of the mind-changing variety very popular in those days with hippies.

The king of Cooktown characters lived on the opposite side of the river, behind Saunders Point. His name was Jack Legg, a fact you could never forget because his favourite introductory line was; 'Hello, my name's Jack Legg. It has an egg in it, yoke can see that'. And after telling you that he was in the mounted cavalry during World War One, he would add that his name has two Gs in it 'Gee Gee, that proves I was in the light horse'.

Like so many who had experienced the true horrors of war, Jack preferred to forget, but he sometimes provided insights with off-the-wall humour. When asked if he was in the famous Beersheba charge he went uncharacteristically silent, then said, 'Well, I was presented to the King and Queen. They inspected our line in Buckingham Palace. The King stopped in front of me, looked down at my shoes and said. "Struth, Jack, they're filthy", so I said, 'Give us a go cobber, I've been out fighting the bloody Turks in the mud and the filth, what else would you expect?' At which the King replied, "I understand Jack, but, you know how it is with the Queen, she's a bit houseproud and has just spent all morning vacuuming the palace".

Jack passionately hated Churchill because of the offhand way he 'fed us to the Turks' to take the pressure off his own forces, and he had a similar opinion of all politicians who create wars then send the cream of our youth to get slaughtered while they stay safely at home. His idea of sweet revenge was to live to twice the pension age just to see the government's response when he claimed a double pension.

If anyone had a chance of living to 130, Jack was definitely in the running. He was tough, resilient and full of fun, and thought nothing of walking briskly for hours through bush, marshes and along the northern beaches in search of wild pig. He was a reminder that it takes a special person to live in isolation because, far from being easy, it is one long battle to keep body and soul together. Yet he was often condemned as being a lazy, indolent waster by those of comfortable circumstance. He especially suffered such criticism on the rare days when tourists, up from Cairns on the weekly ferry, would suddenly appear at his shack, peering in as if he were a zoo exhibit.

One group included a truly insufferable urban female who berated him for being a bludger: a burden on the public purse. Not one to suffer fools easily, Jack responded by politely saying, 'Good heavens lady, I'm not here by choice, I have a fatal, contagious disease. I was quarantined here by the Department of Health'.

The look on the lady's face as she swung around and strutted quickly back along the beach, anxiously herding her flock as she went, was one of Jack's most cherished memories. And his telling of the story was his way of assuring cruising yachties that they were different and always welcome. He hated tourists but enjoyed the company of serious travellers and was always wonderful company.

I'm not sure when Jack disappeared, I only remember the shock of finding his shack empty and vandalised during one of my regular visits in the early 1970s. Obviously he didn't make it to twice the pension age, but if you're listening Jack, things were much better in your day, and if you think it was hard being an individual then, now you'd either be heritage listed or evicted as a security threat unless, of course, you opened your shack to tourists.

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the King replied, "I understand Jack, but, you know how it is with the Queen, she's a bit houseproud and has just spent all morning vacuuming the palace".

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And as always, TCP very much appreciates your letters and other contributions that provides the rich forum of ideas that sustains the rag. For information on feature contributions requirements and awards, see the TCP web site, "contributions" page.

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| Darwin Sailing Club | Mooloolaba Marina Office |
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| Yacht Club | *N O O S A |
| QUEENSLAND..... | Noosa Yacht & Rowing Club |
| *P O R T D O U G L A S | *S C A R B O R O U G H |
| Port Douglas Yacht Club | Scarborough Marina |
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| Yorkeys Knob Boating Club | *N E W P O R T |
| +C A I R N S | Australiawide Brokerage |
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| Cairns Yacht Club, Wharf St | Queensland Cruising Yacht Club |
| Cairns Marlin Marina Office | *B R I S B A N E |
| Cairns Cruising Yacht Squadron | Whitworths (Woolloongabba) |
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| BIAS Boating Warehouse | *R A B Y B A Y |
| *A Y R | Raby Bay Marina |
| Burdekin Browser Book Shop | *C O O M E R A / H O P E I S L A N D |
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| Abel Point Marina Office | Whitworth's (Warehouse Rd.) |
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Semi New Location?

Quadrant Marine aren't exactly new but it took a long time to get a photo! That's Ross at left and Tony the Rigger at right and Jane in the middle improving the photo. Quadrant is located at the Abel Point Marina in Airlie Beach.

This issue's editorial is turned over to long time friend of TCP, Harry Smith.

And TCP wishes to congratulate Harry and his men of D company, 6RAR for the very belated and incredibly deserved recognition of their outstanding bravery and resourcefulness in defeating a force well over 10 times their numbers at Long Tan, Vietnam 42 years ago.

Dear Bob,

Can't help saying something about a couple of letters whining about dogs not being allowed on beaches and arguing with Water Police about not having to have an EPIRB when apprehended in inshore waters.

Boats with dogs are in the minority, and the overwhelming majority does not want dogs crapping on beaches where we sit, walk and swim, chasing seabirds and barking in what should be peaceful anchorages and marinas. Given new sewage laws, I predict that dogs are not going to be immune from polluting our waters, and I predict that it will not be too long before boats with dogs or pets will be banned from all Marine Park waters because many owners abuse the laws, putting their dogs ahead of fellow human beings. My understanding in Queensland is that dogs are not now allowed on intertidal beaches adjacent to National Park or Conservation land. Gone are the days when owners would argue that the National Park rules, such as at Lizard Island which said, leave your dogs on boats, were not applicable their pampered yapping lap dogs. Ironically, dogs can probably be walked on beaches adjoining leased Resort areas, but that is not going to improve our reputation.

As to arguing about EPIRBs, I too have been asked to produce our EPIRB when in inshore areas. The polite Water Police could obviously see our 12m yacht had been well offshore, and asked us where we had been, and to produce the EPIRB we required. I see no point in arguing if you have been apprehended in inshore areas. Indeed, I see no point in using TCP as a vehicle to criticise our various law enforcement agencies. In 30 years of coastal cruising I have always been treated politely. Mind you, I have always tried to conform to the law of the waterways, register my boats, and have the requisite safety gear.

As to Registration, we register our cars and do not argue about it. But many do not register their boats, some painting interstate ports such as Darwin on their transoms to avoid State Registration. Others claim exemption due Australian Registered, but this is for overseas purposes, is not valid in Queensland state waters, and does not contribute to the costs of maintaining our navigational marks. I can recall the days when there were no rules and no registration, and Aust Rego was \$65, but we did not have all the navigation marks we enjoy today.

Would suggest the complainants should devote their efforts not to whinging about the legal rules and the authorities who are trying to police those rules, but to doing something constructive such as towards the introduction of a coastal marine rescue service with a data base system that applies along the entire coast, as is now being considered in NSW. All personal and vessel details could be in the data base and all that would be required is a Registration Number. Of course, that would require boats to become members of whatever system is introduced, and that may be an objection for some. We need one system, whether it be VMR or Coastguard, but we do not need the confusion of having both, and autonomous bases that will not relay to each other.


Another good idea would be to lobby the authorities to spend some of our Registration monies, not just on boat ramps and trailer parks for speedie boats, but for displacement boat facilities, like more pontoons with water on tap; dinghy mooring areas; dredging approaches to, and inside marinas; and providing more moorings than negate the need to spend a week's pay to obtain an overnight berth.

Recall a yacht in Sydney "quityerbitchin"

Regards, Harry Smith, "Cavarlo" Cav 395
Currently moored due a temporary health problem.

TCP note; In response Harry. I don't think the objections of many boaties is to carrying the safety equipment for example, but to the motivation of legislation and the intensity of the enforcement. It isn't seen to be a matter of concern for safety or education but regulation for it's own sake and revenue raising. Subjective issues, granted. I believe that if in doubt, freedom of choice should be respected. Get well soon Harry.

Cheers
Bob



The Coastal Passage

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LETTERS

Notice to contributors: All contributions that purport facts in a matter of possible contention, should be ready to provide support for their assertions or additional information or the contribution may be refused at the discretion of the editor. Anyone disputing a matter of fact in any part of TCP is **invited** to respond as long as the discussion remains one of fact and the responding writer must also be ready to provide support for their assertions or additional information if requested. It's about a fair go for boaties.

Dear Bob,

We are sailing our Canadian yacht "Altha" on a round the world cruise and before leaving our home port we had also in mind to visit Australia.

However, after meeting with many other yachtsmen and reading about the behaviour of the Australian Customs on the net, and in your paper we decided very early to bypass Australia. We would not like to be branded as criminals on some trumped up charge by your Men In Blue. We certainly did not like Australia's demand of having to report 96 hrs before arriving as this is by far too difficult for us yachtsman. Instead we spent more time in Indonesia after passing Guam and North of New Guinea, then on to Indonesia. From there we sailed to Singapore, Madagascar and then on to Durban in South Africa. From there to Port Elisabeth and we are now in Knysna. A beautiful place on the South Coast of South Africa.

Soon we will be sailing to Cape Town and then on to South America.

A couple on an Australian yacht in the US gave us a copy of your paper and what a great paper it is, please keep it up. From then on I have been reading your paper on line and all that you wrote about the Australian Customs. Also while in Indonesia I have been hearing things that makes me feel that its time that someone in Australia wakes up so I decided to give you my opinion, so here goes.

In order to explain myself best, let me first tell you a story from South Africa in the days of Apartheid. The story is about Josef who was a poor chicken farmer. Josef had 75 chickens and sold his eggs on the market in the village every Wednesday. To get to market Josef loaded all his eggs on his donkey and walked about twenty miles to the market where he usually sold all his eggs. He then proceeded to buy grain for his chickens and maize flour for his family. Loaded it again on his trusted donkey and walked the long way home.

Once on a hot day in mid summer on his way home he passed the farm of the rich white farmer. Needing some water for his donkey he entered through the gate of the farm as there was a large dam nearby. The farmer spotted him doing so and apprehended Josef and his donkey, took out his gun and shot the donkey. He then chased Josef off his land. So where did this leave Josef, not only has he lost his trusted transport but also the much needed grain for his chickens and the maize flour to feed his family. So the next week with about half the chickens now dead as he could not feed them all, Josef walked to market with only a small bucket of eggs. There he hears from his friends that that farmer has done the same thing to many of them over the years. Josef has to walk to the village for 2 years before he got another donkey, and in that time his anger built every time he walked past the farm. So when Josef still full of hatred to the rich farmer got a new donkey, he also got hold of a bag of poison. As he usually passes that farm in the early morning while still dark he dumped the poison in the farmer's dam. Next day all the farmer's cows are dead. The health authority found that those cows were poisoned, but by who?

The moral of this story is: is Josef now a terrorist? And if so who bred that terror in him? Was it not the farmer himself? If we compare who had the greatest loss in money terms well it must be the farmer. He not only lost all his cows, he can not use his dam anymore, at least until its cleaned and he gets rid of that poison. That proved to be very expensive.

But then if we look at who could least afford the loss it must have been Josef, the farmer could afford his loss but Josef could not. We can therefore conclude that terrorists are not born, but bred.

So why this story? Well: I have been reading that Australia is burning Indonesian fishing boats that are caught fishing in Australian waters. Those boats are then immediately confiscated, the crew sent home, and if the owner does not buy the boat back within 28

days the boat is burnt and destroyed

Well think about it, the owner may not have the money to buy the boat back; however that boat may well be the lively hood of a whole village there in Indonesia. So by burning the boat the whole village is now starving, like Josef and his family was.

I read on the internet on the official Australian Government web sites that the Australian Customs declares those boats a danger to the Australian ecology and carries all sorts of pest and diseases, also that they declare those boats not to be seaworthy. Well how did they get there in the first place, and what's more, those Indonesian fishermen have been visiting Australian waters long before the European got to Australia, so where are those diseases now, and if those pest and diseases are not found in Australia, why did they not spread those pest and diseases before the European got to Australia?

We can see here the Bull on those internet sites that the Australian Government is spreading.

If a rich country like Australia keeps on using the same tactics as that farmer well the Australia Government is breeding terrorists and if the Australian Government keeps burning Indonesian boats well I am sure that the Australia people will have to pay the price.

The question is not if but when.

And when that happens, it will be too late.

They may already have burnt Josef's boat, how will we know.

I have seen a lot of that anger out there with those fishermen while talking to some of them when in Indonesia.

If I was flying an Australian flag I would definitely not feel safe in Indonesian waters. The mind boggles if we start thinking how those fishermen could take revenge.

The Australian government is therefore on very risky ground by using the big stick against Indonesian citizens who may well retaliate some day. Remembering the population of Indonesia is 237,000,000 and Australia is only 20,000,000.

Also I believe that the last Australian Government has disarmed the civilian population. Indonesia could build boats faster than Australia can burn or sink them. Also terrorists bred by the Australian Government are impossible to find in such a populated country. Therefore the Australian Government has to be diplomatic, and it is foolish to use the big stick.

While I'm writing this I read on the net that there are at least 4 Indonesian boats burnt by your government of fisherman that have not broken any law in Australian waters. Now this means that the Australian people will have to pay the bill.

Let's say \$US 500,000 per boat and another \$US 500,000 for loss of income, and hardship would be the minimum. Any less would be unreasonable I would think. Furthermore it seems that the Australian Government in principal distrusts all foreigners and thus starts out treating us all with contempt. Well that gives Australia as a destination a very bad name. This being the reason we avoided Australia like the plague. So to the Australian Customs, Don't be Jackass's and don't treat foreigners with contempt.

Until there is a vast improvement many of us will look at other destinations to visit and spend our money.

**John Harverson
Yacht Altha
Knysna South Africa**

Bob's note; It is important to know what the international fleet thinks of our governments action. Aside from a few conservative apologists, the actions of Australian government, Customs in particular, are widely perceived as out of step with most every other modern country. Only China has entry requirements similar to ours.

To TCP,

Thank you for a wonderful publication and a great pleasure to read by me and by many who so enjoy the TCP, well done. In my case it has taken some time to put pen to paper and to write and to personally thank those who assisted myself and my daughter during that night of the 11/12 Feb this year in Airlie Beach. We, along with a few others experienced that night's nightmare and being on board on that night and survived. In brief, conditions were bad especially due to the fact that wind had backed into the NW and had increased late in the afternoon to a point where, while I was on my mooring, it became very clear that 'getting off the boat' was placing my daughter & myself a great risk. At approximately 9.30pm, from memory, the weather bureau had put out a 'priority weather warning'. Sea's were in my opinion 3M and wind 45+ knots and increasing. Because of the depth of water in Airlie the sea was steep with no back to the waves at all. At approximately 2.30am my mooring broke, we were beam on in what was then 5m seas and wind had increased to 55+ and pouring with rain and visibility was 20' or less. The wind backed NW to W to SW and I had the engine going & powered out of the mooring area and into the Abel Point Marina. I had sustained considerable damage to my yacht that I was very aware of and we later found that I had lost 1M of my 2M carbon fibre rudder and I had only the ability to turn to starboard but all points into Abel Point were to port? How we got the yacht into the marina is unknown to me maybe 50 years of sailing had something to do with it plus someone was being very kind to us! Upon arriving at the Abel Point Marina at about 3.30am I was in the 'pond' and had no mooring lines, fenders not yet out only to discover my steering problem but still ventured into a pen and my personal thanks for those guys who helped us tie up in very bad conditions even in the marina. Some disturbing issues then arrived over the next few months that need, in my opinion, to be raised. Firstly after the fateful night on the following Wednesday the State Manager of my insurer, Nautilus Marine arrived and he came to see me personally and to assure me that all would be done to get the yacht repaired as soon as possible. It was agreed that my yacht would be lifted out at a local boat yard and to be repaired by their on site shipwright. Just stepping away from the story a bit all boat owners, must in my opinion, get a copy of the boat yards agreement/terms and conditions prior to lifting out of the water and not to be confronted on the day while your vessel is in the slings and you are running around 'concerned' then to have this document shoved under your nose!! get a copy of this agreement prior to coming out of the water and READ THE THING and raise questions and concerns if you need to!! with the yard and confirm your rights, the costs, conditions & payment etc. Sorry back to my story, while my insurer was just fantastic I have grave concerns re vessels being taken out of the water placed on hardstand for repairs and or maintenance without a prior acceptable quote for the work to be completed. In my case my yacht was out for nearly 8 weeks at a hardstand cost [from what I was told by the on site shipwright] of \$400.00 per day!!! Saturday, Sunday, public holidays etc \$400.00 per day. The issue is from my point of view and I have raised the point with my insurer that we all as boat owners need to get one: a written quote, two: make sure the quote is acceptable to ALL parties, three: that there is an agreed repair time line! 'yes the work will be completed satisfactorily in 3 weeks' and that if any of the yard, shipwright, contractors who have been assigned and have accepted the work fail to complete the agreed work within the 'lets say 3 weeks' that a penalty clause comes into play! i.e.: for every day over the three weeks your agreed quote will reduce by 10% per day and that all parties sign the agreement. If this sounds a bit harsh lets remember that in the agreement that was shoved under your nose

while your pride and joy was in the slings there is a clause that says something like 'no cash no splash' and no payment within 7 days an interest component will come into play plus any costs! and if you don't pay within an acceptable time a lien will be placed over your vessel!! Remember my \$400.00 per day! and how rapidly your cost will run out of control. I know of one vessel in Airlie where the repair bill & hardstand fees were in excess of the vessels value! Owner beware. I think that these conditions are fair and reasonable and should apply across the board no matter whether an 'insurance job' or a private company/individual getting work done on your yacht/cruiser or what ever. The conditions I personally was confronted with for the 8 weeks were to me unacceptable and I will make sure that I will no longer be put into such a difficult and untenable situation and I will seek independent legal or other advice if I need to and to insure it does not happen again. I must confess there were two instances where matters had taken such a very serious change of direction that I could have easily involved our local constabulary. My repair story does not end there it continued on during this years Dent to Dunk Rally where I was lifted out again at Port Hinchinbrook for rudder repairs, it seems the shipwright forgot to put a spacer into the rudder allowing the rudder to rise up and restricting rudder movement & causing further damage which they acknowledged. We have since ventured on and will continue to read your fantastic publication my thanks again to the guys that night.

**Warwick Birtwistle
'SV Shaka Zulu'**

Bob's note; I asked Warwick about the insurance coverage and he did say that the lot was covered. The delay in completion of the work was a matter of considerable inconvenience due to family situations and the need for accommodation. His advise on getting a written quote and schedule is well founded. I am familiar with one case in Queensland where the client claimed in court that the repairer quoted (verbally) about \$30,000 on a repair that came in at ten times that amount and to top it off the boat sunk on the first voyage away from the boat yard! He lost his boat, \$300K and his case, no written agreement.

Our own Bob Fenney of SY "Elcho" was one of those with a helping hand when "Shaka Zulu" came into the marina. See TCP # 30, pg 3.

Hi Bob,

I think it was you that we met briefly at the launch of "Aussie Oi" in Mackay. Anyway I have just read your latest paper and see in it questions about cyclone Ada. The ship that took the tourists off Hayman was the bulk carrier "Clutha Oceanic". I noticed that Alan Lucas said he rode out the storm in the "Empress". I was wondering if this was a 28 foot sloop "Empress" formerly owned by Lucy Schultz/Howard of Bowen. It belonged to my grandfather originally and I've often wondered what become of her.

**Thanks,
Bev Alexander**

Greetings Bev

Yes, that was me at the launch. I was pleased to have a part in a great event. A fantastic Schionning design vessel the Alexander family is rightfully proud of. Thanks for the tip on the rescue ships name. That was Allen Southwood that was the skipper of "Empress" and apparently a different one as Alan's was a motor vessel and of larger size.

**Cheers,
Bob**

Hi Bob,

Well, it's been a long time now since we emailed you, so thought we'd drop you a line. The good ship SV *Grand Cru* is now an Ozzie yacht! Our 30 day minimum time for importing her grew into 6 months! Not to worry, all done and we're very happy with the outcome and the way it went. Not such a drama. We had the dogs on board to sniff out our white ants.....but we had none. Elly was an amazing dog though. May we suggest to anyone importing a yacht, if AQIS want to send the entomologist to check out their boat it might be wise to ask for the dogs up front, because at the end of the day the dogs (for \$600) are probably going to come on board. \$500 for the entomologist then the dogs come on board anyway. Maybe it was because the entomologist was not available that day so they sent a really nice kid whose expertise was mud on machinery coming into the country, not yachts, (but the reason for both is beyond us). It was his second boat. Had we known the procedure, we would have asked for the dogs in the first place. Really don't know how it would go, though.

Now, the reason we are emailing you. As we speak, Mick is in the "destroy mode" sector of the yacht refit. You know, the fun bit! There isn't a huge amount, mostly prettying up as she's looking a bit tired, but we're thinking perhaps we'll take her o/s next season for the timber because we have extensive teak work and want to try to match it up as much as we can. We were wondering if you or any TCP readers know where we might take her to have the work done. We know Indonesia is supposed to be good, but where? We are open to any suggestions of who we might contact to check out the cost. AND it means we get to go sailing somewhere again a bit sooner!

Anyway that's about it for now,

All the best to you and your readers,

Brenda and Mick

sv Grand Cru

cways@fastmail.com.au

Dear Bob,

I picked up a copy of The Coastal Passage several weeks ago and must say what a great paper. I think I have read it inside out upside down and re-read it. No I am not a sailing person or at least not yet, I am working on it and have just done my first weekend of intro to sailing at a yachting school in Mooloolaba. I so much enjoyed all the stories in the paper and believe I learned a fair bit out of it. So just wanted to say keep it up its great stuff. Looking forward to the next edition.

Maggie

Giddy Bob,

Just a quick note to say thanks for the many interesting articles in "The Coastal Passage" and a comment I wish to pass on to your readers. I would like to make a point regarding "parking" you vessel in a navigable channel. Just a couple of weeks ago I was asked to do a delivery trip for a mate to sail his yacht out of Mackay up to Bowen. No worries as I had been in these waters many times before and mostly during the WORC series, in which the only mark of the course was "take Gloucester Island to port". Having only been through the Gloucester passage once before (plus a visit to Monte's) I was on my toes and cautious as anyone would be going through a reefed area. The issue I had was when travelling through the passage one of the port marks off Passage Islet (FI R3s) was obscured by a large catamaran anchored only metres from the mark. The owner of the catamaran must have been oblivious to the point that he was blocking the visual on the channel marker. This made for some fast thinking as to where the mark should be and why we couldn't see it. One should think when anchoring in a narrow channel as to where the navigation marks are. If we had been going through at night it may have been possible that this navigation mark might not have been picked up because it was totally obscured by a

vessel. Common sense must prevail for safety sake; keep up the great work Bob & team,

Regards Mick O'Keefe

MV Trade Winds

What happened to "Helsal"?

The question is still out there. Last edition we found out more about this vessels history and even an unsubstantiated theory but we still don't know for sure. Now this addition to the general background....

Hi Bob,

Regarding Dr. Tony Fisher, he now lives in Hobart Tasmania and all family and still owns Helsal 111 ex The Office and Helsal iv which is 60ft French design

Regards,

Dick Bearman

CYCA SYDNEY.

G'day Bob,

This letter is coming to you live from a war zone!

Is *Speranza* in Afghanistan? Has a high tide dropped her into the main bazaar in Kandahar? No, we are in Pearl Bay. Yet the war games are about to commence. But when?

The VMR's/CG's do a terrific job in reading out notices about closures of the Shoalwater Bay military exercise area. But it is all a bit confusing lots of Lats and Longs lots of times lots of dates lots of info about ammo clearing and flares. Far too overwhelming for a silly old bugger like me.

However, let's not be negative. Here's a solution- "ADF Radio".

Modelled on Rocky Met, ADF could have a regular sched where they can give out the info and allow listeners to come back with questions such as "can I set my crab pots in Island Head Creek next Friday?" or "can I sail from Cheviot Island to Cape Manifold on Tuesday without being target practice for HMAS Bundaberg?".

And the ADF has the expertise. Their signal corps are some of the best. I have a mate who was once one of them and he can actually talk in morse code after a few glasses of red wine! How clever is that? With sponsorship from Penfolds, I am sure that ADF Radio could be an effective medium for training future budding signallers.

And it would be so easy for both sides. The boaties would be better informed and stay away from restricted places. And the ADF would not have to send out helicopter gunships to repel yachtie intruders a classic win/win situation.

Over time, ADF Radio might even develop a persona to rival "Good Morning Vietnam".

Cheers,
Keith Owen
Sv. Speranza

Bob,

I always enjoy reading the magazine and find it full of interesting info and tales but would correct a small part of Alan Lucas' recent article...the Sydney Airport reference was actually about AQIS causing passenger congestion as opposed to Customs. The attached hyperlink will take you the 07Dec2007 media article.

Cheers,
Gerald Hunt
<http://www.abc.net.au/worldtoday/content/2007/s2112652.htm>

TCP note; the page above quoted an airport manager complaining of AQIS practices that were "over the top" and "stupid" at his airport but yet let Equine flu virus in.

Dear Bob,

Thanks for your excellent explanation of simplex-duplex operation but wait, there's more. For ship-ship chatter we call on ch 16 and transfer immediately to a chat channel.

Our crew members should be instructed about this. Boaties regularly have baby or fish chats on channel 16. VMR's are guilty as well with Bowen and Tully regularly taking position reports on channel 16, thinking they are allowed to. This is why International Maritime Law Requires all VHF and HF operators have an operators ticket. (I can hear the derisive shouts of "that's been dropped" but no, it hasn't and it won't be. See page 21 of the QLD tide book)

Big ships are directed by "Reef VTS" who has CH 16 transponders from Gladstone to Weipa and hears every call.

Vessel Traffic Systems in Cairns, Townsville, Mackay and Gladstone also have big ears. listening to our CH 16 gibberish from 80 nm away. So we change channel, but not any channel.

CH 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14 & 68 are allocated to tugs and pilots.

CH 12, 13 & 14 are harbour authorities.

Ch 15 & 17 interfere with 16 and are not used.

CH 67 is second Emergency channel.

CH 09 & 14 are usually marina's.

CH 71 is pro-fishermen and 74 is commercial vessels.

CH 73 is boaties and we share 72 and 77 with fishermen and commercials.

Therefore our chatter should be on 72, 73 and 77 with short chats on the five repeater stations when it is necessary to use them. HF operators should note that HF channels are 3 khz apart to prevent interference. Don't just dial up any frequency as a lot are allocated, EG 4483 is reserved for official functions (but VMR Townsville has used it as a working channel for 10 years).

We need to keep our noses clean or MSQ will bring in 15 new laws to stitch us up a bit more.

Bill Gibson
Radio engineer
SY First Light

Hi Bob and readers,

It was interesting to read the account from the Cairns Water Police about overdue vessels. Most of what was said was correct. There is very thin to no communications north of Cooktown and not much in that area either. Phones were never intended for marine use, although a satellite connection will beat the hell out of Australian coast radio for small vessels. I would like to go further and add that marine radio communication is close to non-existent away from the East Coast of Australia. This was brought about by the Gov. closure of coast radio stations some years ago. Prior to the closures vessels needed to be equipped with HF radio and could communicate with authorities via these stations.

If memory serves it was left to the police to establish a network for non GMDSS equipped vessels under 400 tons. This has not happened in any satisfactory manner. There does exist a network of stations for Mayday calls only. They will not enter into any other form of traffic.

I have made enquiries with regard to vessels entering Aust, from overseas and for any reason becoming overdue. I was informed that the emergency stations for small craft will not pass any message. For vessels entering Aust. notice must be given to customs. Customs inform me that should a vessel be overdue an overdue notice would be filed. This presumably would result in further searches being conducted.

A very poor situation leaving Australia a laughing stock in the eyes of the world.

It is the responsibility of any small boat skipper to carry the appropriate equipment necessary for the voyage. GMDSS equipped HF radio is expensive and impractical in runabout's launched in remote area's. For larger vessels position reporting facilities will not be granted except when the vessel is in transit for more than 24 hours or the trip is greater than 200nm.

I am finding the use of "Winlink2000" to be of great value. It offers weather, email, position reports and so on. It's widely used by various American gov depts, including Defence, Embassies, Homeland Security and of importance to us, the US Coast Guard. It was used extensively in the aftermath of the recent tsunamis in India/Asia region. I personally report my position along with a brief message which is monitored by my son in America via his internet connection.

Often the US Coast Guard will post requests for all vessels to be aware of an overdue vessel and to report it's situation as necessary if sighted. This feature would be of great value to our water police at the expense of 2 emails. One to request information then to terminate as the situation concludes. Information spread along the radio nets conceivably could find a missing vessel parked alongside a Winlink participating vessel who in turn contacts the police via the radio network. It sure beats what is currently available, nothing. Our radio net's are an active but informal group who monitor each other in the absence of coast radio facilities. They are also a very social groups, passing along any information necessary for the passage making vessels. In a search situation the more people that know the greater the number of eyes on the water. Although not participating in the search directly could be in or close to the search area with their eyes open.

Further reading can be found at www.winlink.org I will be back in the country in Nov. and happy to discuss with VMR's, Police, Queensland Sea Safety or other interested parties aspects of communication via winlink. They are a not for profit organization and I do not officially represent them but simply pass on the benefits for what it's worth.

Barry
SV White Horse,
Mackay Qld.

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In Response to the article on "Ariel of Rabaul" in TCP # 31;

Some boats seem to inspire much passion and this little Lidgard design appears to be one of them!



Hi Bob,

I have been reading with great interest about "Ariel of Rabaul". Donna & I are the proud owners of one of these fantastic little yachts, which we have owned since 1993. We left NZ waters in 2006 & are at present enjoying cruising the Queensland coast. Our yacht "Kidnapper" was built in Tauranga in 1972 & is well known in NZ, with a long racing history including many Tasman crossings. This design has been included in a book on the history of NZ yachting. John Lidgard informed me that there was 6 built, (1 in Tasmania). The NZ ones were all cold moulded in double diagonal Kauri, glassed over. So it is very interesting to find that there was one built in alloy. John Lidgard

was asked by his then navigator Jack Allen to design a Half tonner. Tumblehome was de riquer at the time & Demijohn as the design was called was given plenty of it. The tumblehome in the Demijohn design represents a fashion derived from measurement of deck width as maximum beam, and indicative of an era in offshore racing which may never be seen again. We have sailed many thousands of miles in *Kidnapper*, she is a great sea boat & just loves going to windward. So Mike & Judy enjoy sailing on a yacht from one of NZ's famous designers.

Cheers,
David & Donna
SY *Kidnapper*

What you Should Know About if Cruising to Indonesia

Indonesian Fishermen accuse Australian authorities of entrapment

Last June in Kupang, more than 100 fishermen staged a rally to protest against ill treatment by the Australian government when they operate near the Indonesia-Australia sea border.

During the rally the demonstrators also burned an Australian flag. The fishermen, accompanied by their wives and children accused Australian marine patrols of often trapping them by purposely herding them across the Indonesia-Australia sea border into Australian waters so that they could be arrested.

"We have a recording as evidence that we were herded out of Indonesian waters toward Australian waters and then we were arrested," a coordinator of the rally was quoted as saying. Fishermen claim that after being arrested, all their equipment including their GPS instruments were seized and destroyed by Australian marine police, he said. TCP has been informed that Australian Customs now claims the legal right to forbid recording or transmission of any kind by anyone, of their operations if they so order. This may prohibit the introduction of such recordings in court, leaving only ACS supplied recorded evidence as admissible.

The fishermen urged the Indonesian government to take a stance to stop the ill treatment. They are hoping the Indonesian government would soon respond to their demands and solve the problem through diplomatic channels with the Australian government.

Last May 24, the Australian government had deported 50 Indonesian fishermen to Kupang, East Nusa Tenggara.

On May 17, the Australian Immigration Authority sent home 43 Indonesian fishermen who had been declared innocent, and 13 fishermen declared guilty of trespassing on Australian territory.

In April, according to the Indonesian consulate general, at least 253 Indonesian fishermen were held in Darwin. The Indonesian consul general in Darwin, Harbangan Napitupulu, also quoted some of the detained fishermen as saying they were arrested while they were still in Indonesian territorial waters.

Antara News of Indonesia quoted an NGO activist, Tanoni as saying, "...the two countries should soon establish a JFZ (joint Fishing Zone) to deal with or minimize problems involving Indonesian traditional fishermen whose livelihoods depend on fishing in the Timor Sea and surrounding areas." He also urged the Australian authorities to stop intimidating Indonesian fishermen, among other things by forcing them to enter into Australian waters and later accused them as illegal poachers. Intimidating traditional fishermen, and later punishing them and destroying their boats were human rights violations, he said.

Australian Government Sore Losers?

In an apparent reaction to the recent defeat of government charges against many Indonesian Fishermen, (see TCP # 31) Australian authorities have forced the cases to be removed from local Magistrates Court to the Supreme Court.

Representatives of the fishermen say this is wasteful and unfair. For a mere charge of a fishing violation involving a catch that Australians have little interest in, Trepong or Sea Cucumbers, the Indonesians are to be in custody for months. The absence of these people is likely to cause severe hardship for their families in Indonesia.

ABC quotes a Legal Aid representative as saying, "An Australian person, if they were charged for an offence for which the penalty was a maximum of a fine, they'd never be in any kind of custody or detention, you just don't lock people up when the worst they're going to get is a fine."

What you Should Know About if Cruising to Fiji

Fiji government introduces new customs requirements that have the international yachting community fuming and Fijian marina and tourism operators concerned.

New regulations include a huge import fee directed at any vessel returning to Fiji sooner than 9 months after departure. This would come to about 27% of the value of the vessel with other taxes added to that. Also the penalty for moving between ports within Fiji without customs clearance has been increased from \$50 to up to \$5,000.

When alerted to this issue from the web site, www.noonsite.com and the SSCA member vessel "Halekai", TCP immediately drafted a letter to the Fijian Minister of Customs, Mr. Mahendhra Chaundry urging a revision of the policy. It appears the policy was directed at international vessels that have come to stay in Fiji on a semi permanent basis without importation but will affect a large number of vessels that often visit Fiji for a short period then sail south to New Zealand for the cyclone season before sailing again to Fiji before continuing their voyage westerly.

A meeting was held with stakeholders and the feeling of those that attended was that the policy may be reviewed positively. Milika Marshall of Vuda Marina is in contact with TCP and as soon as the issue is decided we will have the information and either amend this report on the eve of print or will post to the web site. Also keep an eye on noonsite if you intend on Fiji.

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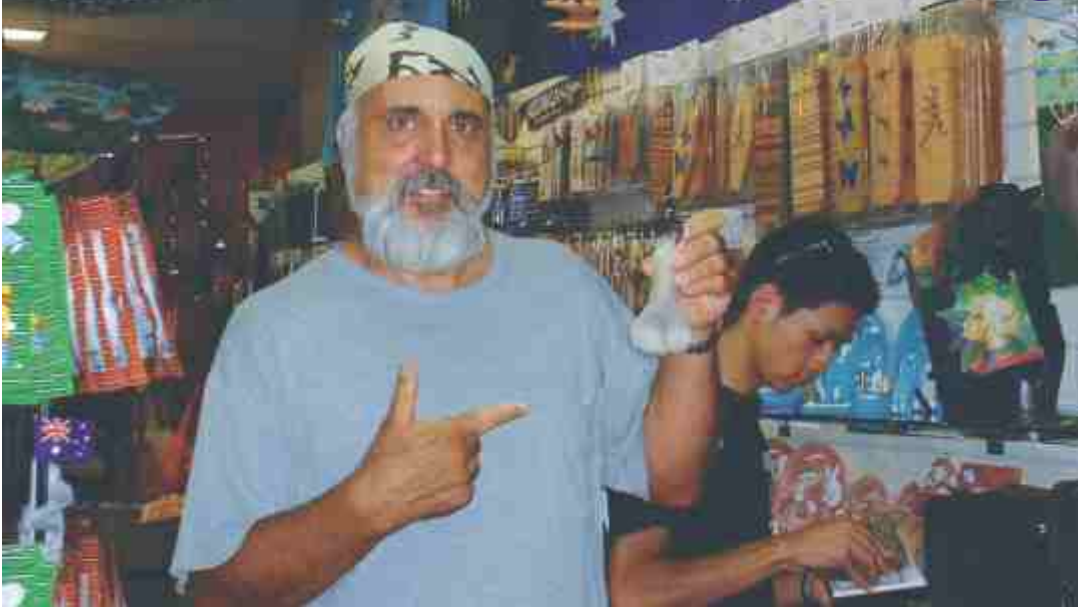
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Roos, Crocks, and the Long Arm of the Law



By Capt'n Oddworm, SY *Mariposa*

The day was warm and pleasant in the shade of the arcade. A few shoppers wandered about but, as seen from my observation post beneath the banyan tree, there wasn't much buying going on. There were plenty of mothers pushing strollers and small children running about but the food vendors were the only ones reaping any profits this weekend. A musician was working through his repertoire somewhere down the block, singing and strumming with an electronic orchestra and beat box for accompaniment; and even at this distance, his amplifiers made him sound like a whole band. Earlier, when I passed by his little stage, all the pseudo-shoppers where ignoring him as if he too where an electronic gadget; an android or something. The scene was so pathetic that I felt embarrassed for the guy. I moved down the block, to this bench, where I could listen without having to witness his humiliation.

That's where my wife, Sandra, caught up with me. "Did you see the kangaroo scrotum pouches?" she laughed, taking a seat next to me. "Kangaroo scrotum? No. Where'd you see that?" "In that Aborigine craft place, ya know, with the didgeridoos in the window?" "Oh yeah", I said, "I didn't go in. But, Wow!.. To think I might have gone all day without knowing about that one."

I sat there a moment trying to picture the scene. I could see a gang of Aborigines gathering at some out-back gin mill, getting thoroughly distorted on alcohol while sharpening their gleaming skinning knives. Then, with wild shrieks and grunts, the booze-crazed hoard would go leaping and scampering off into the bush to wreak terror on the male kangaroo population. Latter, with blood soaked clothing and zip-lock baggies dripping gore, they would re-group at the saloon to count out their booty for the leather tanning agent.

"So, the Abos are castrating Roos to feed the tourist souvenir market. That's great" I said. "Between the pet food packers and the souvenir collectors, the poor Roos don't stand a chance." She looked askance at me and continued, "The shop lady said it was part of a population control project." "Well, that would certainly do it." "I'm sure they shoot them first." She said in annoyance. "Apparently they are over running some areas and getting hit on the road and stuff. The lady said they're a nuisance. Funny how you can accept the idea that there are too many deer in New York and Pennsylvania yet reject the idea that there are too many kangaroos in Queensland."

"Yeah, I suppose you're right," I said. "I guess it's just that I don't trust the validity of the argument. I mean, a lot of people stand to gain by exterminating kangaroos. The sheep industry holds a lot of political clout in this country and, as they see it, Roos eat sheep food. And I have to suspect these pet-food guys selling kangaroo dog food. I don't see how they

can do business without a reliable and consistent source of flesh for their canneries. I suppose they could be working seasonally but... I don't know." "Well, that's just it. You don't know!" "Yeah granted, but I'd like to find out."

I pause for a moment to watch a passing gaggle of young women excitedly swapping gossip. They wear their slacks low on their hips, proudly displaying the waist-bands of their thongs. For a moment I am transported back to my youth, but I am lost in nostalgic distraction for only a fleeting instant. Then I refocus on the kangaroo issue.

"The problem is," I continue, "who can I trust? I mean, even if I were to talk to an independent researcher at some University, there would undoubtedly be some Grant money or local political issue at stake. And then, who knows, the researcher might have gone into it to prove a theory rather than to discover a truth. The ranchers want to kill-off every thing that doesn't turn a profit for them while the Greenies want to drag us back to the Stone Age; or Eden. Distortion, whether by intent or accident, serves the same master."

"Now you're a poet?" "Some times," I say with a faint bow of my head. "That's great! I'm married to a paranoid poet. I wonder if there's any money in that. Selling dark poems of depravity and despair, ya know, like Poe?"

I didn't like the way our little chat was going so I said nothing in reply and just relaxed in the cool breeze. I was feeling indignant and petulant, and I knew the reason why.

We had sailed into Australian waters the previous day and I was still very tired. Our westward passage from Vanuatu had been fast and invigorating; running before fresh trades to the constant crash and hiss of breaking water racing past our transom. Swept along in the boiling current, we closed upon the sun-burnt continent. With ten hard days behind us and only two more ahead my anticipation of arrival, of rest and food and the sweet scent of mother earth - began to build.

I stood numbly at the helm listening to a distant drone. Peering at the unbroken circle of blue, with the fuzzy half-life of forced insomnia clouding my brain, the noise grew more and more dominant. And then, just an angle's breath ahead of my comprehension, the air-craft soared close over our mast and rattled my bones with its throaty roar. Sandra poked her head from the companion way.

"What was that!?" Before I could answer, the plane banked and swept in low behind us. The VHF radio crackled. "*Mariposa, Mariposa*. This is Sky Watch aircraft. Do you copy?"

This is it, I thought, very impressed for the moment; our first contact with humanity in almost two weeks. Imagine. Here we are, far off shore, and the diligent arm of the Australian Customs

and Immigration Service is hard at work.

The Sky Watch guy asked me a bunch of questions where we were from; where headed; ETA, and so on. When he finished, I asked him to inform Townsville customs of our intentions. He consented and screamed off into the hazy blue yonder. I watched the tiny spark of aircraft recede until it blinked out and vanished.

Two days later, we blew into Townsville on the leading edge of a southern gale. The sky turned a dismal gray and the sea took the color of steel. As *Mariposa* closed on the Great Barrier Reef, I called Customs on my VHF. They didn't answer. So I kept at it; calling on the hour, every hour, until the wee hours of the morn. We made port just ahead of dawn and, on the

advice of the Harbor Master, I found safe anchorage. We both turned in for a long over-due rest.

I could have stayed in bed for the rest of my life but I did not indulge. At 0700 hours I was back on the radio. There was still no response from customs so I again hailed the Harbor Master. He phoned the appropriate authorities for me and I was soon called into the customs clearance dock. Then the fun began.

Three uniformed troopers marched aboard. The five of us crowded into *Mariposa's* cabin. The Head-Dick (a.k.a. Officer In Charge) came on tough, threatening me with a colossal fine for not contacting customs two days prior to our arrival. I pointed out that since customs doesn't monitor any radio, neither SSB nor VHF would be of any use. Unfazed, he went on treating me like a criminal suspect; repeatedly asking me the same simplistic questions over and over again, watching my eyes, listening for the tell-tale slip. He inspected my charts and lat-lon time log.

Then he started pulling the boat apart. He crawled through lockers, emptied drawers, and took chemical "swipe" patches to a dozen surfaces; meticulously labelling and bagging the evidence. I had to force myself to fain indifference; to refrain from argument and resist the urge to throw the annoying little prick over-board. I had to remind myself that, if I made as big an issue of this inspection as he was doing, things would only get worse. I told him about the Sky Watch aircraft but he pretended not to hear. In his book, accidental compliance didn't count.

Supper Trooper number two sat at the saloon table. She kept handing me forms from her bottomless portable filing cabinet. Between the Chief Inquisitor's cagey probes she would insert a question or two for clarification. It was pathetic. The cabin was hot and dishevelled from two weeks at sea, I was exhausted, and now I was forced to defend myself from innuendoes. But that was not the end of it. You'll remember that I said there were three geeks in the team?

Inspector number three was there to protect Australia from contamination and infestation. Apparently, my hermetically sealed New Zealand pulses constituted a threat to the nation. So did my rice, pasta, flour, and just about every other food source on board.

All were confiscated. Then I was whacked with a one hundred and twenty dollar fee for putting up with this indignation. Two and one-half hours later, the Storm Troopers settled down and decided to clear us into Australia. As I pulled away from the dock and headed *Mariposa* back to the anchorage I felt beaten and humiliated, and I began to empathize with all those poor rape victims out there.

Sure, they offered me their lame rationales; the war on drugs and bugs, and let's not forget terrorism. No sir. If I were carrying some radical Shiite stow-away in my bilge, well...

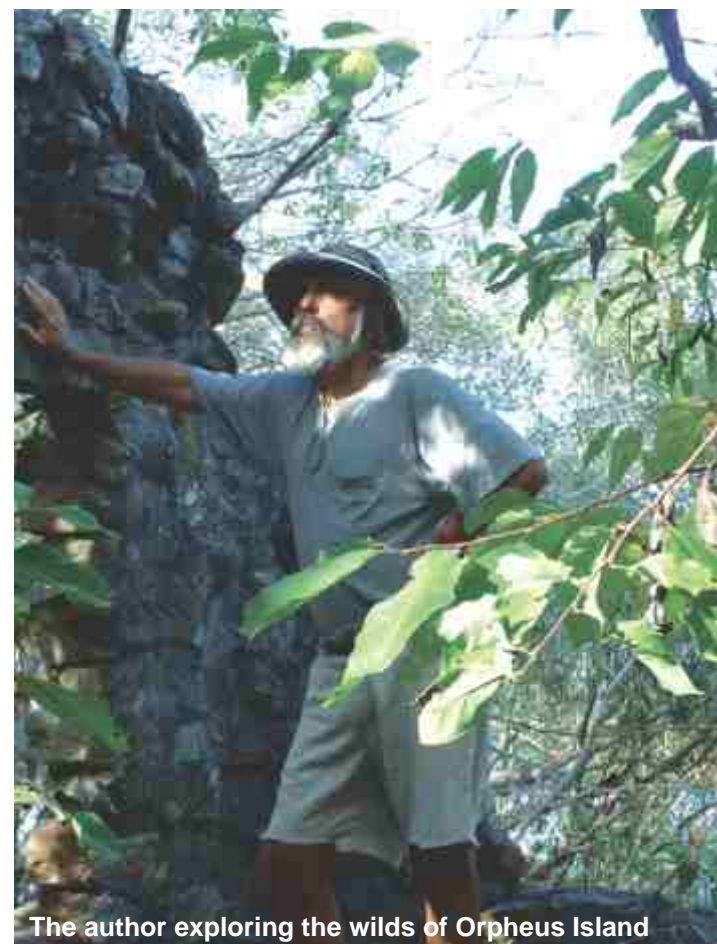
I knew I had a lot to learn about this place and my first lesson was not a pleasant one. I also knew that several days of rest and relaxation would improve my disposition; so I just sat there with my wife, in the shade of the banyan, and tried to feel grateful for the beautiful day, the android singer, and the stillness of the bench. Little did I suspect just how invasive the Long Arm of Australian Law would become.

Installment # 2

Several weeks later and a long way up the coast, we decided to do some "gunk holing" on one of Queensland's muddy rivers. Intent on seeing a giant crocodile up close, we launch our dinghy and motored deep into the mangrove swamplands. What had at first appeared to be a large tributary quickly narrowed into a twisting black vane. Dense green thickets surrounded us and, here and there, the sticky clay banks showed the tell-tale spoor of crocks. As the water shoaled, I kicked up the out-board motor and the mangroves closed around us, swallowing us in misty green twilight.

"Maybe this isn't such a good idea after all." Sandra ventured.....

Stay tuned for the next adventure.... we hope... but there is never a guarantee with a wild boy like our good captain. *Mariposa* entered Australia before the 4 day rule but even then Customs was showing their true colours to our friends from overseas.



The author exploring the wilds of Orpheus Island

Percy Island...



and the clean-up begins!

And so it goes...

A letter received from a passing cruiser, July 08.

"Dear Bob,

One of our favourite spots on the coast is Middle Percy Island. We arrived this year and were somewhat disappointed at the general look of the place a bit down at heel, we thought. The roof on the A-Frame is badly rusted and in need of repair. It would be a shame to lose all the memorabilia inside because of lack of maintenance.

We decided to walk over to the lagoon. After skirting fallen trees and washed out track, we were pulled up short by a big orange barrier across our path. (ed's note, see photo bottom right)

The attached sign read: **WARNING**

Due to feral goat culling, back burning and restoration works to the homestead and tracks, all areas above beaches closed until further notice. Absolutely no access without consent via VHF Channel 10.

By order
Mick Cotter
Island Leaseholder

At least there was no mention of bubonic plague! Not at all friendly as we fondly remember MPI in the past. Great pity."

Bob,

I have read on your website that Mick Cotter has lost his court case and Percy Island, He has to vacate by the end of July.

As I read this my heart dropped. I have met Mick twice and I have to say I neither like or disliked the guy and what ever happens to Mick does not concern me. What worries me is what will happen to Percy Island.

The reason us yachties love Percy is the fact we can all call this place home. We are welcome and have always been welcome. The A frame and Tree house where built just for us visitors. The best way to describe this is Middle Percy is like a spiritual Mecca for the Cruising community.

Call me cynical but my concern is Cathryn Morris did not spend all this time and money to win Middle Percy so she can live on her own Island paradise. This might be a result of my job but my first thought is "what is in it for her". I think this legal action was undertaken for the benefit of Cathryn Morris and her family and not the people that use and love Middle Percy. I don't know if you can answer this but I wonder what Cathryn is going to do with Middle Percy?

Some times it's better the devil you know.....

Bob please tell me if I am wrong because for the for the hope of the Yachting community I hope I am.

David Andersen, SV Laoana.

The signs mentioned in the letter at left were posted around December we are told. When the law suits final days were approaching it appears fronts were abandon. Yachties? Piss off!!

TCP has been covering this major concern of the cruising community since the beginning of the controversy. Though there was always much question about how the transaction came about where a frail and infirm old man sold the island's lease for \$10, the issue of reversing such a transaction seemed at first insurmountable. Possession being 9/10 of the law kind of problem. But then Andrew Martins family discovered the Queensland "Fair Trading" laws which contained items that seemed to address this issue perfectly. Now Mick Cotter had a serious problem. Though the process was stalled and delayed in the end it was becoming apparent it was going to go bad for the defence and it did. The judge was scathing in his decision. "Unconscionable conduct-undue influence".

Cathryn and John Morris, who won the suit, went to the island a few days ahead of the official turnover to supervise the action.

Just a couple days ahead of the judges deadline the water tanks were reported to be discovered draining. The Morris's say they found it in time to save some water but the loss is important. Without tank water life on the island would be very difficult, especially coming into the dry season.

Reports from passing yachties and the Morris's tell of a mess left at the homestead and other facilities and according to claims from the Morris's, anything of value taken but the rubbish left. The structures are reported in poor condition, holes in floors, broken windows, a general sense of abuse and abandonment.

On the 28th of July, Cotter was reported to have left with the barge, "Redline" in tow (loaded with a Range Rover) behind the trawler recently called, "Living it up". The barge and contents were towed to Stannage Bay by Thirsty Sound and the trawler returned to Percy Island for the *Islander*.

And now the work begins for the Morris's. They say the bee hives have been left in a bad state. As the melaleucas are starting to blossom the Morris's are working feverishly to put the hives to right before the hives swarm and the colony goes feral. Honey production is an important asset to the island. The processing equipment is also a problem. Cotter took the smaller "Honey Spinner" and the larger machine left is the property of

"Hello Honey" owned by Peter and Lynette Zahra in the Pioneer valley, as it wasn't paid for by Cotter. Meanwhile down at West Bay the clean up begins in earnest. Several yachts have stopped in and are helping and a candidate for a permanent resident seems to be in hand.

This message in from the new crew; "We have had a couple of working bees to clean up the thousands of coconuts and palm fronds under the coconut trees. Some of the boat crews involved were "Euphoria" Lance & Tricia, "Platinum" Ross & Diane, "Medusa" Peter & Rose, "Mim" Mike, Jane & Gary, "Auspicious" John & Win. We did not get the names of the others.

We have burnt approximately 2000 of the estimated 5000 coconuts in West Bay so will need more working bees to complete the project.

We are seeking a "used" new roof for the A-frame and new purlins. The sheets of iron are 9.1 metres long on both sides. The width of the roof is 10.8 metres on both sides. The purlins will need to be 10.8 metres long. The existing purlins are way too light and have sagged badly. We will have to leave the old purlins in place as may icons are attached to them. We may have to remove the front and rear verandahs as they are quite unsafe and may require too much work to repair. They can be reinstalled at a later date when a willing work team comes forward.

Arrangements to get crucial basic equipment to the island are well underway and we would like to especially thank Jeff Craig for supplying the vessel to get it all there. "

So... if you are cruising around the area and you have some time and energy to spare... there is a job for you.... It's your island too. And Dave... judge for yourself.



The A-Frame, circa 2001



Warning... piss off!

The "Islander"

The modest little boat
with the most interesting
history...

They transported the boat up to Cairns where they sold her later for \$500. This is a regret that Margaret has. They had a cattle operation that was a victim of a bad drought. Spending months at a time driving cattle to water and feed. They bought the fishing boat to make some money to support the cattle but eventually the fishing got good and that became their business.

Working the seasons taking Barra and Mackerel. But the *Islander* was being neglected, thus the sale. She now lives alone as her partner has passed, aboard the ex pearling lugger, "*Pacific Pearl*". She can't sail her but she would rather live in the marina on a boat than on land. She would be keen to buy the boat again as she would like to see the vessel restored.

Jon Hickling, whose family, according to many, were the islands best caretakers since the White's, heard of the boat and found her in hock and desperate. She had spent years at the boat yard of the Yacht Squadron, one of those boats that appear to have little chance of ever floating again. She was set to be burned as the unpaid yard fees were in the thousands. Jon made a deal with the current owner for \$500 as is and the Yacht Squadron forgave the yard fees with the promise that the boat would actually be repaired and taken away.

Whilst making repairs Jon was visited at the yard by a young guy with a Mohawk haircut and wild tattoos. Mick Cotter seemed strange in appearance and seeming to live "on cigarettes and Coca Cola" but he did volunteer to supply some timber for the project, which he did. As soon as the hull was sound a boat was organised for a tow back to the island. Mick asked to come along. It wasn't long after Mick returned to Cairns that the Hickling's found that Mick had flown to England and convinced aging and mentally infirm Andrew Martin to sell him the island for \$10.

When the Hickling's vacated the island, "*Islander*" was left behind because, Jon Hickling said, "the boat was always a part of the island and needed to stay. I bought the boat in Cairns and repaired her to bring her back". Jon went on to say he hopes the boat will return where "it belongs" and questions Cotters right in taking it from the island.

"*Islander*" was towed to Mackay and last seen was at Hills Boat yard looking in poor condition but high and dry. (see at right) TCP hopes that an arrangement may be made to eventually repair her once again and return her to Middle Percy Island, where she was born and "belongs".



by Bob Norson

What a story! The boat was built in the thirties by Claude and Harold White. Now I'm building a boat and it's hard work but the way these old boys built the boat is something else again. The White Family had to be self sufficient in all ways. It was just the way to survive. They felled trees on the island and that was good timber, Mackay Cedar. They made planks with a pit saw... that is a long timber saw with handles on each end, a two man rig. They dug a deep pit and had the log straddling the top. Then one man would stand in the bottom of the pit with one end of the saw whilst the other had the top position and then muscle the saw up and down ... up and down... up and... well you get the picture.. a massive job for the amount of planks required.

But that was just the start. They built the 30 foot boat at the homestead up on the hill. Upon completion they disassembled the boat and hand carried it piece by piece down the hill to west bay where they reassembled and launched her... A feat beyond imagination.

When Andrew Martin bought the Island Lease from the White's in the sixties the boat was part of the property. Andy operated the boat on the island for many years but she started leaking and eventually she wound up on the beach at west bay, drying out and decaying.

I talked to Margaret Beaumont in Cairns. She and her husband knew of the boat, being old friends of the White family, and contacted Andrew Martin and arranged a deal. She told how her and her husband used their fishing boat "*Ocean Spray*" to transport some cattle and emus to the island in trade for "*Islander*". They got the boat around to the lagoon and between tides recalced her and she would float once again. Margaret's memory was a bit vague on the dates but this should have been around the early eighties. One memory was very clear to Margaret though. She told how she found Harold White in Mackay, ill but keen. They arranged for "*Islander*" to be sailed into the Harbour in Mackay, specifically sailed, not under motor. They transported Harold to the harbour with a brief stop on the way for a bottle of rum. Everything worked perfectly. With Harold sipping a tot of rum, on cue, "*Islander*" sailed in. She reckoned the whole exercise was worth it for that one moment.

Andrew Martin in his hay day... aboard *Islander*



Date unknown



Islander in 07



Islander now



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The Sometimes Notorious History of Middle Percy Island

TCP is grateful to Mr Graham Foan for sharing this amazing history of his family and especially their dealings with Middle Percy Island. Elements of this story are corroborated through copies of articles printed in 1962 by the Mackay Daily Mercury and birth records from Rockhampton. We are in hopes this accounting will inspire other persons that may have a contribution to the history of our coast.

Captain John Cook Till (1826 - 1912) and The Percy Islands.

John Cook Till was born on 10th July 1826 at Boney Tracy, Devonshire, England, the bastard child of Maria Till.

He spent his early years working on the Bristol Wharves and river boats on the River Avon. In 1842 he joined the Merchant Navy and went to sea serving as a Midshipman on a Scottish "Barque" Trader.

In 1850, John Cook Till was a Master of a "Clipper" Trader which belonged to the Cheyne Trading Company whose owner, a Scotsman Andrew Cheyne, lived and operated from Kunie (L'Ile-des-Pins) Isle of Pines. During a trading voyage to the Mary River (Maryborough) and up the Queensland coast to Cooktown, Thursday Island, Timor and Singapore, he sheltered from a severe tropical storm in West Bay, Middle Percy Island.

He saw the potential in the Percy Islands and returned late December 1854 with a 27 year old wife, Dublin born Catherine O'Riley. They were married at St Augustines Church, Balmain, NSW on the 21st November 1854. He was also Captain and owner of his own ship the Steam Ship "Clipper/Barque", SS Murray. He anchored the SS Murray in Murray Bay, later named Whites Bay.

He built a family residence for himself and his wife and accommodation for his ships crew using island timbers. The original crew of the SS Murray were mainly Portuguese and Dutch sailors but he gradually replaced the sailors with Kanaks and Torres Strait Islanders.

He kept livestock including goats, cattle and fowls on the islands. He attempted to grow copra (coconuts) but the results were poor. Good abundant water was supplied by a fresh spring on Middle Percy. He made a settlers claim to the Australian Authorities for ownership of the Percy Islands in 1851.

The SS Murray required high maintenance and many refits during her time due to the abnormal vibrations which loosened timbers in the hull when using the steam engine navigating the rivers. Many of the repairs were carried out by John Cook Till and his crew using mainland timbers from Rocky Dam and Cooktown.

John Cook Till and the SS Murray made regular trips up the Queensland coast to Port Hinchinbrook, Cooktown, Thursday Island, Timor and Singapore.

In 1857 he took his first Kanaks from the Isle of Pines to Thursday Island for a

Portuguese Trader called Nicholas Deloshantos who was trading pearls and required pearl divers so John Cook Till traded the Kanaks for pearls. During this time he also supplied Kanaks to Charles and William Archer as workman for the their seaport at Rock Glen on the Fitzroy River known also as Rockhampton.

In 1858 Mary Till objected to living on Middle Percy with a new baby, Rose Till who was born in Rockhampton in 1857. She also objected to John's trading practices and he took her to Cooktown to live.

In 1861 John Cook Till carried a Scotsman, John McCrossin a New South Wales grazier from Armidale, from Rockhampton up the coast north in search of grazing land. John Cook Till knew a number of sites which would interest McCrossin. The first site an area of land around Mt. Funnel which was accessed by a tidal creek he called Rocky Dam now known as Funnel Creek. John Cook Till steamed up this creek on the tide to get wood and timber for the ships boiler. He tied up near where Mt Funnel station house was later erected. The problem with this site was that the clay pans were void of satisfactory water. The Yuibera people were friendly and it would appear that they had previous contact with white people as it was noted that many of the elders had grey and ginger hair, blue eyes and lighter skin.

Another site was Cape Palmerston, but the Yuibera were a little hostile. White graziers almost wiped these people out in later years.

He conveyed McCrossin into the Pioneer River and tied up near where the Forgen Bridge is today. John McCrossin was very impressed with the valley area except for the Yuibera natives. They returned to Rockhampton and a meeting with Captain John MacKay.

In 1862 John Cook Till conveyed supplies and livestock from Rockhampton to the Pioneer River, now known as Mackay, for the two Scotsmen, John McCrossin and John MacKay who had travelled overland to the site.

John Cook Till then sailed to the Isle of Pines and collected approximately 40-45 Kanaks which he conveyed to Port Hinchinbrook where he traded the Kanaks to Captain Robert Towns to work on his new colony and port on the Ross River. (now Townsville).

He sailed on to Timor and Singapore

and on the return voyage he called into Thursday Island and Prince of Wales Island and collected Napranum women to be prostitutes, concubines and wives for his crew and colonies of Cairns, Townsville and Port Hinchinbrook. Upon his return trip he found both John McCrossin and John MacKay in a very poor condition at St Lawrence and he conveyed both to Rockhampton.

In 1863 John Cook Till conveyed John MacKay with workers, supplies and livestock back to the Pioneer River. He continued trading with the new colonies along the Queensland Coast, Isle of Pines, Thursday Island, Timor and Singapore, in between seeing Catherine in Cooktown, using Middle Percy Island as his own home port. He also took livestock, supplies and a family working for Charles Archer to South Percy to see if cattle grazing had a potential on the island. Continuous water supply was a major problem on South Percy and the project struggled.

On the 5th November 1872, George Lambert Till was born to Annie Gertrude Lambert and John Cook Till in Rockhampton. The origins of Annie Lambert are very obscure, it is believed that she may have been a niece of Captain James Cook and became associated with John Cook Till in Singapore and went to sea with him after being disowned by her family for reasons unknown.

Whilst in Port Hinchinbrook in 1874, he was introduced to William Ingham, who requested Kanaks to help in his venture of growing sugar cane. He required as many Kanaks as John Cook Till could supply to clear land and plant cane.

John Cook Till sailed to Grand Terre (Kanaky) also known as New Caledonia, named by Captain James Cook. He conveyed 80-90 Kanaks to Port Hinchinbrook and traded them to William Ingham.



Captain John Cook Till

On the 30th April 1875, Annie Lambert gave birth at sea to Maria Elizabeth Ella Lambert Till.

He returned to Kanaky in 1876/77 and collected approximately 80-90 Kanaks including members of E'Loi Manchoro's family. E'Loi Manchoro gave John Cook Till bags of nickel to acquire weapons and explosives to arm his guerrillas. As he headed back to the Percy Islands, the French Warship, "La Gloire" attempted to intercept the "SS Murray". Under full sail John Cook Till managed to out run the "La Gloire" and loose her during the night when he deviated north sailing to Thursday Island until he was safe to sail down the Queensland Coast.

He returned to Kanaky in 1878 with explosives and weapons but was prevented from unloading his supplies by French Warships. He diverted to the east coast of Kanaky and unloaded his cargo onto Kanak canoes and returned to Middle Percy.

In 1880, Emily Percy Till was born on Middle Percy to Seisia Aniba, a Napranum girl and concubine of John Cook Till. Emily Percy died in her teenage years and is buried on Middle Percy. Two other female children born to Annie Lambert and died at childbirth are also buried on Middle Percy along with children, crewman and Island women.

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"Nanna and Granny"



Edith Percy

He provided them with a home in Byron Street Mackay. He sold the SS Policeman to a syndicate which called themselves the Pioneer Trading Company. The SS Policeman was later renamed and in 1918 she broke her moorings during a severe cyclone and tidal surge and foundered in mud and mangroves near the mouth of the Pioneer River where she slowly rusted away.

John Cook Till never recovered from his illness and died in Brisbane on 22nd February 1912 aged 86 years. He is buried in the Goodna Cemetery. Annie Gertrude Lambert died in Byron Street, Mackay, on 22nd February 1920 aged 78 years.

John Cook Till's wife, Catherine Till, nee O'Reilly, stayed in Cooktown and worked in the Cooktown Hospital as a nurse until she had an accident from which never recovered, she died in the Cooktown Hospital on the 27th August 1901 aged 74 years. She was survived by:

Rose Till. (Web)
William John Cook Till
Kate. (Collins)

Edith Percy Till married William Henry Cash a Locomotive Driver on 25th July 1900 in Mackay. On 10th January 1901, Annie Dorothy Georgina Cash, our grandmother was born. Other children born to Edith and William Henry Cash are as follows.

George Cash
John Cash
Ella Cash
Emily Cash
Eddie Cash
Robert (Mick) Cash
Ruth Cash.

Edith Percy Cash died peacefully in Mackay on 03rd January 1969 aged 87 and is buried in the Mackay Cemetery. My Grandmother, Annie Dorothy

Georgina Cash, (married James Ernest Edwin Foan, 6th July 1918) visited Middle Percy Island on many occasions between 1964 and 1986 and I accompanied her on four. She became a great friend and confidant of Andy Martin who was the Percy Island's lease holder. The last time we saw and spoke to Andy Martin was in 1990 in a park beside the Forgen Bridge near the site where Captain John Cook Till used to tie up the SS Murray. Andy Martin talked at great length about Middle Percy. He told my Grandmother he was bequeathing the Percy Island's Lease Hold to Catherine a cousin of his from England and to its dedicated care takers the Hickling Family who would care for the Island. My Grand mother advised Andy to make his wishes quite clear in his will.

Its time the Federal, State and Local Governments gave up the politics and take their heads out of the sands and recognise the proud dignity of the Indigenous people, Torres Strait Islanders and especially the Kanak people who in a somewhat dubious subjugation with the pioneers such as Till, Jardines, Towns, Achers, McCrossin, MacKay, and Ingham who with great courage and foresight have made Queensland the great economic state it is today.

The Percy Islands and the SS Murray are a vast Heritage link in history and in the creating of this great state and should be recognised as such and Percy Islands should be made a dedicated memorial to these proud people. Middle Percy Island is the peoples Island and made so for the use of all Queenslanders and with dedicated care takers such as the Hickling Family and Andy Martin's niece Catherine it would remain as such. I believe the Pioneers and the Indigenous people would want the Percy Islands protected and for the use of all.

Signed:
Graham Foan.
Great Great Grandson of the late Captain John Cook Till.

On the 26th February 1882, Edith Percy Till was born on Middle Percy to Seisia Aniba and John Cook Till. Seisia Aniba died after childbirth and Annie Lambert claimed her as her own and brought her up on Middle Percy. Seisia Aniba is buried in a site along with other islanders.

In 1885 John Cook Till again applied to the Australian Authorities for a Grant of Ownership of the Percy Islands but his application was denied on the grounds that he was an "unfit and improper person" because of his "Immoral and Illegal" use of the Islands.

Edwin Cook Till, John Cook Till's son and First Mate died aboard the "SS Murray" in the Pioneer River on 27th March 1894 and is buried in the Mackay Cemetery.

In 1895 a tropical storm almost ended the days of the SS Murray when she broke her moorings and was severely damaged

in West Bay, Middle Percy. She was slowly sailed to Sydney for badly needed repairs but was considered to be un-seaworthy and the cost to refit was prohibitive so John Cook Till bought a small steam coastal trader which he called the SS Policeman. He used it to service the coastal and islander communities along the north Queensland coast, using Mackay as his major port base. The crew and the families of the SS Murray were relocated to Bakers Creek and Mackay where they took up work and residency; elements of the families remain living there today.

He continued trading until 1898 when he suffered a severe case of fever which severely debilitated him and forcing him to leave his home and beloved Middle Percy Island. He and his family then consisting of: Annie Gertrude Lambert, George Lambert Till and Edith Percy Till went to live in Mackay.

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(All prices include GST)

TCP's Forum

TCP has had a surge of complaint against the state of Queensland for the governments rush to give away the most pristine and environmentally valuable coast to the powerful in heavy industry. Who will reap the benefit? You decide. Who will wear the harm? Probably not those that do the reaping.

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE GLADSTONE HARBOUR??? and Bowen!?

See.. www.savecurtisisland.com

By Cheryl Watson

A letter to the premier from a concerned citizen:

The State Government is proposing to turn over 6,000 hectares of land on the southern part of Curtis Island into a State Development Area. What does this mean for you?

Between 5 and 7 LNG plants have been mooted for the Gladstone Harbour including the western side of Curtis Island. According to Connell Wagner's Site Selection Public Release Gladstone LNG (Santos) Site Selection 28/3/08 page 19 a "1,000m public exclusion safety zone around the load out berth when loading operations are occurring" is required. Now this is for 1 plant; how will the harbour cope with 5 to 7 plants, together with existing vessel movement. Then add the proposed Wiggins Island 6 new berths, Rio Tinto Yarwun doubling in size, nickel plant, steel plant, Hamilton Point coal loading facility and whatever else they deem suitable for the area.

On the proposed state development area on Curtis Island any industry including hazardous, noxious, heavy, special waste management and LNG are suitable.

As you know Gladstone has a large boating population from the little tinnies, fishing boats, trawlers, charter boats, barges and yachts. How are these going to compete with the enormous increase in shipping all the above will bring? Two (2) bridges will be built to access the island from the mainland, will this affect the Narrows and boating movements. How will the National Park on Curtis Island cope with industrial development beside it? Graham's Creek is a popular haven in cyclones, when under the direction of the Harbour Master, any vessel over 17m in length may have to evacuate the Marina/Auckland Creek area – will this be affected?

Is there any danger to the 'Brisbane to Gladstone yacht race', which will be celebrating its 61st year next Easter?

On January 25, 2006 more than 25metric tons of heavy fuel oil spilled into the waters of Gladstone Harbour. After an incident. December 2 and 18th, 2007, ships ran aground in the harbour – this is with the shipping movements at the time. **What will happen if all the above goes ahead?**

The Government gave the local Council together with the public 20 working days to put in a submission, however Santos had purchased the land from the Port Authority some 12months ago.

Obviously it would be very expensive for Santos to fund the cost of the bridge and infrastructure alone and a SDA enables industries to come to the area without consulting with the local Council. Is Curtis Is./Gladstone just a dot on the map to OUR Government? Are we the sacrificial lambs for the "greater" economy of Queensland? When will OUR Government realize that we have families just as they do? Curtis Island is a little bit of paradise bordering an industrial city. We are not against industry however we are seeking help in trying to keep the eastern side of Gladstone Harbour free from industry to have some balance in our harbour.

We have a dugong population, turtle laying habitat, a critically endangered bird the Yellow Chat, of concern ecosystems to name but a few reasons why this area of Gladstone Harbour should be kept as it is.

Good Morning Mrs Bligh,

It is with great sadness that I compose this plea with you to ensure and preserve the future of Curtis Island – Gladstone as we have always known it.

I am 37 years of age and I have been a regular visitor to Curtis Island since I can remember. My parents bought land on the South End Settlement before I was born and we have enjoyed and treasured family holidays on the island ever since.

It is a place where in the late 1960's my parents sat under the willow trees on the beach with a modest picnic and dared to dream of their future, it is a place where they invested to build a home to have family holidays, visits and adventures. It is a place where my brother and I grew up. In fact we were such regular visitors to the island we were practically raised there. A place where we were safe to walk the small island community, explore on the coastal rocks and jetty (which is no longer there) and swim in the protected 'back beach' bay without fear. It is a place where we too, sat for hours under those very trees and contemplated our futures and our dreams.

It is the place where my brother learnt how to fish from his now deceased Grandfather. It is the place where we would wake in the morning to see the brumbies frolicking near our homes and where the birds and parrots would flock to your verandah's to bless us with their morning songs.

It is a place which has allowed a community to join together for wonderful camping trips to 'The Bluff', Turtle Street and Joey Lees – to name a few island spots. It is a place where at the end of a long day of adventuring you could lay back in your beds and watch the lighthouses on Cape Capricorn and Facing Island signal to the night.

It is the place where my husband had the wonderful opportunity to witness the turtles nesting. And it is the place where we hope to visit regularly and create our own family memories with our 3 sons.

You see, Mrs Bligh, it is more than a piece of undeveloped land with an easy access to a harbour and port. It is a place full of memories and innocence for many a generation. We are just one family who is heading onto our 3rd Generation. There are many of our island childhood friends who are in the same position. We were born and raised in Gladstone and counted this island as our second home.

It is a major concern to us as to the future of the spectacular flora and fauna on the island. Have you ever been there Mrs Bligh?? If not, may I suggest that you do and if you take the opportunity to visit, please enlist a local to show you around the island – our island, so that you too, may bask in its beauty and feel the serenity and innocence of a place where your children **are** safe, where they can learn some of the old school lessons of life such as fishing, crabbing, pumping for yabbies to go fishing (not just popping into the bait shop) and lobbying. Where they can see turtles nesting, go worming on the fantastic beaches, search for oysters on the rocks and surf on the unspoilt ocean front.

Mrs Bligh, as yet, Curtis Island is not polluted, it is clean and crisp and a welcome destination for relaxation from the hustle and pollution of Gladstone mainland.

With all of today's technology and the constant industrialization and development of any piece of land who dare exist in its natural and god given form, wouldn't it be nice to preserve such a place in the midst of already so much industry. There simply must be an alternative and you simply must declare this island to be a national park to be enjoyed and cared for by future generations.

Please, we beg of you, allow us somewhere that we still call home to pass onto our children and hopefully to their children – untouched and full of memories – past and future.

This goes beyond money and politics, this is about the human experience and protecting those who otherwise cannot protect themselves.

Your time is greatly appreciated.

**Anita Frassetto,
Dino Frassetto,
Dominic Frassetto – aged 3 1/2,
Gianni Frassetto – aged 3 1/2,
Kaelen Frassetto – aged 1 1/2**

Dear Editor,

The Minister for Infrastructure, Mr Paul Lucas said on ABC Radio 16/07/08, "The Bowen's State Development has got the potential to develop a second Gladstone for us". With Bowen being named as a "preferred site for Chalco" alarm bells are resounding. This future touted by the Labour Govt for its people should be most carefully investigated by *all levels of Government*. Industries in Mt Isa accused of poisoning children with high lead levels are now facing litigation previously only seen in U.S.A. 11.3% of children in Mt Isa have exceedingly high lead levels in their blood. Gladstone has 103% increase in the Qld rate of leukaemia and 1 in 3 people die of cancer. People have had enough of themselves and their children being poisoned by heavy industry in Queensland and are taking matters into their own hands with class action litigation.

At a public meeting in Gladstone on Tuesday 15th July and at which I attended, Associate Professor Thomas Faunce from The Australian National University's College of Law and Medical School spoke frankly. He strongly urged all the residents of Gladstone to have base-line blood tests in order to prove a case for litigation should they develop illness. He said that industries have become sources of potential public health hazards and green-house gas emissions and they need to clean up their act.

The Labour Govt is using an archaic law from the Jo Bjelke Pietersen days to impose industrialisation on communities all along our coastline without any due democratic process. The State Development Area is presided over by an un-elected Government official who has unlimited power and is not answerable to the people. There has been very little to no community consultation for the selection of Bowen's SDA. We have been told that Bowen wants Chalco and yet there has been no survey or referendum.

The Keela Wetlands are an area of 5,154 hectares and are sandwiched between the ever expanding coal port terminal of Abbott Point and the massive State Development Area (SDA) of approx 16,500 hectares.

These wetlands are listed in the National Directory of Important Wetlands and Australia has signed up to protect the birdlife and their habitats under international agreements and law. It provides Qlds' largest and most northerly coastal nesting area for black swans and is home for a large number of waterfowl. Permanent water of the wetlands provides an important drought refuge for approximately 20,000 birds.

Chalco (Aluminium Company of China) is to be one of the worlds largest aluminium refinery (\$2.2bn) and with a possible smelter alongside it. It will be situated on this SDA just outside Bowen and in the heart of prime grazing and agricultural lands and the largest vegetable growing region of Qld. It will be an extremely expensive and massive operation requiring huge resources of water and electricity.

Highly caustic chemicals are used in the Bayer refining process of aluminium, making it one of the worlds filthiest industries. The caustic red mud waste needs to be stored indefinitely in huge tailings ponds and is at risk of leaking into the groundwater. Hydrogen fluoride gases and particulates, alumina, carbon monoxide, sulfur dioxide and volatile organics are produced during the refinery process and will need to be contained.

What on earth possessed our Govt to even contemplate putting an aluminium refinery on nationally significant wetlands on the banks of the Great Barrier Reef? A number of creeks run from the nearby mountains in the west through the SDA to the wetlands on their way to the Reef. So any polluted wastewater will end up polluting the wetlands and then the Reef. Our fishing industry depends on these wetland nurseries! They are the lungs of the Great Barrier Reef!

The Bowen region is subject to intense cyclones during the Wet Season and has been impacted badly from 1867-1997 to record damage from 22 intense cyclones, so cyclones will strike the SDA during its life!

Important questions need to be answered. Where are the pollution air-shed models? Where are the air quality and water quality models? What will they do about the waste? What is Chalco's past environmental and community record at its other facilities in the world? What % of income is to actually come to Bowen? Where is the community consultation? Why has the Dept of Infrastructure and Planning chosen Abbott Point and why has it refused to release "The Bowen and Abbott Point Industrial Land Concept Plan and Infrastructure Plan" to the public?

Bowen is on the edge of the World Heritage Great Barrier Reef Marine Park and the top of the Whitsundays. This area is known for its natural beauty, the Gem of the Coral Coast, a term that will be replaced with industrial wasteland created by the Labour Govt!

Maria Macdonald

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Mix bogg to "peanut butter" consistency and insert in bag



Cut off a corner and give the back end a twist



Squeeze and drag... way too easy..



"It works on my boat!"

By Norm Walker, MY Peggy-Anne

Before we started cruising, I had cleaned and modified our water tanks, fitting them with Perspex inspection ports.

This may have been a mistake as ignorance is sometimes bliss. What I, or in particular Dawn noticed was that the tanks seemed to get a little more brown sediment on the bottom of them every time we took on water. I don't believe that it was a health issue, but I was pestered to try and find a remedy.

The easiest fix was to install and in line filter to the hose that was used to take the water from the tap to the tank. I was thinking about some type of carbon doover. A trip to Bunnings enlightened me that this type of filter was indeed available although quite expensive.

What to do?????

Don't you love Bunnings, could browse the shelves endlessly. After a bit of exploration in the garden section, I came across a small in line filter assembly designed for sprinkler systems. It cost only \$5 or so. All plastic, so no corrosion. Only down side was that

the filter was more like a sieve, the element being quite large.

What to do?????

From Bunnings, it was to IGA, where a pack of 80 "Round Make-up Pads" were purchased for \$2.50. I had some spare hose on board, as well as clamps and refined the unit with a snap fitting for attaching to the hose.

How to use it:

- *Unscrew the inlet side of the filter.
- *Remove the filter
- *Place a pad centrally over the end of the filter body and then push the filter into it (It will be firm).
- *Take another pad and insert it in the inside of the filter.
- *Screw the end of the filter back on.
- *Attach to hose and start filling.

How easy is that? We are quite amazed at how much yuk this system filters out during our filling process and it is definitely keeping the bottom of the tanks a lot cleaner

WELCOME

Bundaberg Port Marina is situated 1 nautical mile from the entrance of the Burnett River and offers all weather, all tides, deep water access to visitors to the Coral Coast.

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'Keep Australian on your Right'?! or.. "There's F.A. in NSW."

A look at some Southern Delights by the crew of *Foreign Affair*.



Foreign Affair at anchor and not a palm tree in sight!

Many of our friends in the cruising community are Queenslanders. And while they are basically a good bunch, there's an almost universal characteristic that intrigues me. Why do most Queensland yotties turn left as soon as they clear the harbour? I've asked a few, and the answers usually relate to the weather (too cold) or the insects (too many cockies down there) or the dangerous conditions (everybody knows somebody who's come to grief on the Ballina bar) etc etc.

We've just returned to Brisbane after our third trip down the east coast, once to Tasmania, and twice to southern NSW. And yes, there are downsides. But the positives definitely outweigh the negatives.

So, if you're thinking outside the square, and contemplating turning right instead of left, read on....., its not a detailed account of our cruises, just a few observations about two of the areas we've visited, namely Port Hacking and Sydney Harbour.... With a couple of travel anecdotes thrown in.

Travelling in NSW is the same as travelling in any foreign country. It's important to observe and respect the local customs. For example, asking for a "Pot" instead of a "Middie" is a little sin, likely to induce nothing more than an attitude of superiority in the local. But chatting in a friendly fashion about the State of Origin results can result in serious consequences, particularly in 2008.

We always carry "the bible", Alan Lucas's "Cruising the NSW Coast". Just like "Cruising the Coral Coast", it's an essential part of our navigation kit. We'd love to meet Alan and Patricia one day. If only to say thank you for providing these two wonderful books.

The trick when going south is timing, the same trick that's needed when going anywhere actually. Late summer to early autumn is generally considered to be a good time weather-wise to wander the NSW coast. Spring is also reputed to be good, though we haven't tried it ourselves.

The other essential thing one needs is patience, preferably lots of it. But again, that's something that applies not just to the NSW coast, as anybody who's tried to head south from far north Qld will confirm.

SE Queensland weather had been lousy since December 2007. La Nina was the dominant meteorological phenomenon, bringing plenty of rain and plenty of 25kt SE winds. From mid December until mid March, we managed to get out on Moreton Bay a total of three times. True, the rain was welcome, as we'd been living through the worst drought in 100 years. Combined dam totals of 16%!! Nevertheless, from a boatie's point of view..... We waited. And waited... Eventually, just when we thought the window of opportunity would slam in our face, our patience was rewarded. A good forecast!! *Point Danger to Woolli: Wind E/SE, 10-15. Seas 1m.* So, late on the 20th March, we cast off from Raby Bay.

The usual way south from Queensland is via Moreton Bay and the Gold Coast Seaway. Despite our late start on this occasion, we had an easy run down the Bay. Darkness caught up with us as we approached Jumpinpin. Anyone who's been boating in southern Moreton Bay will know that there are one or two sandbanks around. With no moon yet and the tide on the last part of the run-out, care was high on the agenda. Took one wrong turn, but "got out of jail".

Several beacons being unlit didn't help matters, but we made it without the embarrassment of touching bottom. When traveling at night we reckon every boat deserves at least one good pair of eyes. And on *Foreign Affair*, the best pair are Sandy's!

We anchored for the night at Currigee, about 3nm north of the Gold Coast Seaway. The anchorage was calm, with only 2 other boats nearby. Quite a surprise considering the whole area up to Jumpinpin is usually like a supermarket parking lot. Early rise next morning as it would be a 100nm run to Iluka, our first stop enroute to Port Hacking, some 450nm south. We cleared the Seaway at 0600 next morning, just light enough to see the idiot on the surfboard.

Departing Iluka early would have us at Coffs in time for an afternoon nap. It's an easy run of 60 odd nm from Iluka, past the Solitary Islands to Coffs Harbour. Sat on 2700rpm which gave 10-12kts. Just a couple of whales, but plenty of dolphins, hundreds in fact! About 2nm northwest of Nth Solitary, Sandy saw a bloke waving from a 16ft aluminium runabout. She's got very good eyesight. Can cook as well.

We motored up to them. There were 2 on board, one who was waving, and one who was throwing up. "The motor's dead" shouted the waver. "Huurrrgh" said the other. A seagull was sitting in the water beside their boat having a great feed. The waver asked if we could tow them to "Minnie Waters", a little village with creek access. I explained that we wouldn't fit, but I could tow them to Coffs, or radio VMR Coffs to arrange a tow. They (especially the bloke who was speaking vomit) decided to have us tow them to Coffs, 35 nm away. Once on board, the thrower-up, lay down on the back and died for 3 hours. Never moved. The other one just sat, pissed off at the outboard for not working. We managed to tow at just on 9kts, but it still took a long time. Once inside the harbour, we maneuvered close to the boat ramp to let them paddle in. Oops, no paddles! No lifejackets either, that I could see. Fortunately, after the several hours break, they were able to start the outboard (I think it had been flooded) and motor in to the ramp. Not too many signs of gratitude, just "thanks mate" as they left.

The further south we went, the more whales we saw. And dolphins, hundreds of them. We thought of the young Scottish couple we met at Muttonbird Island at Coffs, looking out to sea hoping to see "a dolphin or maybe even a whale."

PORT HACKING

Situated about 15 miles south of Sydney Harbour, entry to Port Hacking is straightforward from the north. From the south, the famous Jibbon Bombora is an obstacle worthy of respect. The channels inside the entry are well beacons, though not particularly deep. The most secluded anchorage is in Southwest Arm which is completely surrounded by the Royal National Park, the oldest national park in Australia, and the second oldest in the world (after Yellowstone). By nightfall we were alone. A beautiful, peaceful spot, disturbed only by the aircraft manoeuvring onto final approach at Mascot 6 nm north.

There are 5 white painted tire moorings in Southwest arm. They are either owned and maintained by National Parks Service or by the Royal Motor Yacht Club at Port Hacking. It depends who you read/believe. Nevertheless, there was no-one there

the first night, and only one the second night, so competition through the week is not fierce. Just on the subject of moorings, I'd be interested if monos have the same problems as multies. If we pick up a mooring and cleat it to a bow, the boat and mooring have this magnetic attraction, bump, bump, bump, usually as you're trying to go to sleep. These days we haul the mooring tail up short through the anchor hawse which (usually) keeps said buoy from caressing our hulls.

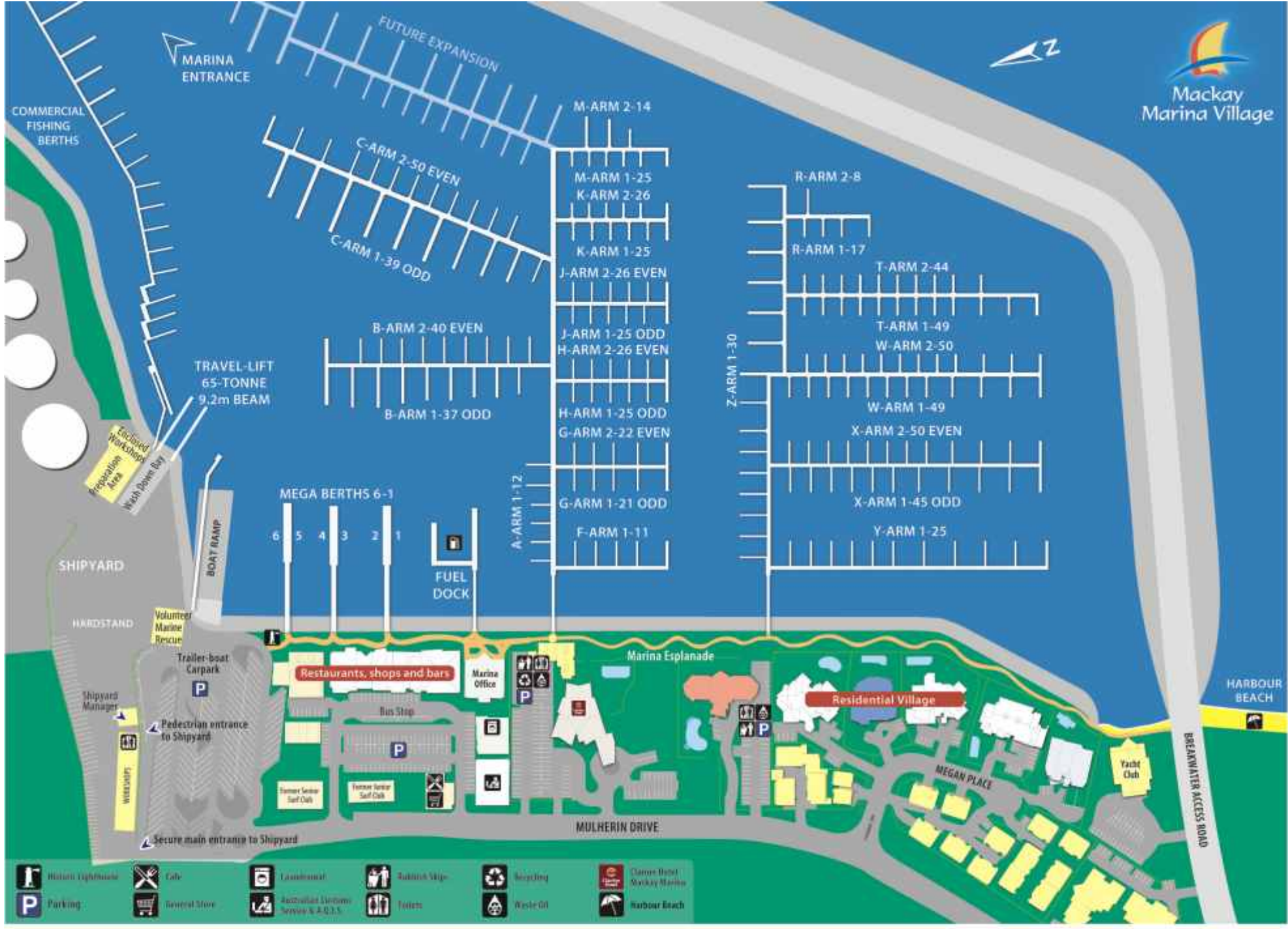
We're not dedicated bushwalkers, though we do enjoy exploring interesting places. One of the difficulties we've found over the years is: It's all very well to cruise into a beautiful remote place, but usually the walking is geared to land-based outings, and the NPWS offices are nowhere nearby. So, after a fairly fruitless attempt at finding marked tracks, we saw a couple in a big runabout who looked like locals. When in doubt, ask a local. "Yeah mate, see that rock over there? Tracks all over the place around there. And if youse feel like a shower, take the dinghy up to the waterfall at the end of Southwest arm. Ya might have to get the missus ta drag the dinghy over the shallar bits though."

So, Tuesday morning, bright and early, like 9.30am, we nosed the dinghy into a likely spot between Gooseberry Bay and Costens Point. There was evidence of very early buildings in many places along the foreshore. Mostly foundations, but with a few stone pitched walls and steps etc. We located the end of a fire trail, and walked through the bush for several kilometers till we came to the main road. No loop track this, so we backtracked to our starting point and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We walked for about 3 hours altogether, but the daytime temperature was perfect, as was the company.

The instructions for getting to the waterfall included waiting for half tide, so we had a nap after lunch and set off at 3.00pm in the dinghy. It was certainly shallow, but we got through without Sandy having to drag the dinghy across the banks. Eventually, we came to the end of the road, so to speak, tied the dinghy to a tree and walked the designated distance (about half a kilometer) to the falls. They weren't huge as in lofty but, as the photo shows were very pretty. I couldn't resist. It wasn't that cold; the water temp was around 20deg, so in I went and had a great shower. Chickenshit stayed ashore and took photographs.

continued page 20.....





MACKAY MARINA BERTH RENTAL RATES

BERTH SIZE (UP TO)	TYPE	DAILY	4 WEEKS	13 WEEKS	26 WEEKS
10m / 32.8ft	MONO	\$31.00	\$744.00	\$2,084.00	\$3,647.00
10m / 32.8ft	MULTI	\$38.00	\$912.00	\$2,554.00	\$4,470.00
11m / 36ft	MONO	\$35.00	\$840.00	\$2,352.00	\$4,116.00
11m / 36ft	MULTI	\$39.00	\$936.00	\$2,621.00	\$4,587.00
12m / 39.4ft	MONO	\$36.00	\$864.00	\$2,420.00	\$4,235.00
12m / 39.4ft	MULTI	\$45.00	\$1,080.00	\$3,024.00	\$5,292.00
13m / 42.6ft	MULTI	\$47.00	\$1,128.00	\$3,159.00	\$5,529.00
13.5m / 44.3ft	MONO	\$39.00	\$936.00	\$2,621.00	\$4,587.00
13.5m / 44.3ft	MULTI	\$49.00	\$1,176.00	\$3,293.00	\$5,783.00
14.5m / 47.5ft	MULTI	\$52.00	\$1,248.00	\$3,495.00	\$6,117.00
15m / 49.2ft	MONO	\$41.00	\$984.00	\$2,756.00	\$4,623.00
15m / 49.2ft	MULTI	\$54.00	\$1,296.00	\$3,629.00	\$6,351.00
16m / 52.5ft	MONO	\$54.00	\$1,296.00	\$3,629.00	\$6,351.00
16m / 52.5ft	MULTI	\$72.00	\$1,728.00	\$4,839.00	\$8,469.00
17m / 55.8ft	MONO	\$60.00	\$1,440.00	\$4,032.00	\$7,056.00
17m / 55.8ft	MULTI	\$75.00	\$1,800.00	\$5,040.00	\$8,820.00
17.5m / 57.4ft	MULTI	\$77.00	\$1,848.00	\$5,175.00	\$9,057.00
18m / 59.1ft	MONO	\$62.00	\$1,488.00	\$4,167.00	\$7,293.00
20m / 65.6ft	MONO	\$72.00	\$1,728.00	\$4,839.00	\$8,469.00
21m / 68.9ft	MONO	\$76.00	\$1,824.00	\$5,108.00	\$8,839.00
22m / 72.2ft	MONO	\$83.00	\$1,992.00	\$5,578.00	\$9,762.00
22m / 72.2ft	MULTI	\$108.00	\$2,592.00	\$7,258.00	\$12,702.00
23m / 75.4ft	MONO	\$87.00	\$2,088.00	\$5,847.00	\$10,233.00
24m / 78.7ft	MONO	\$105.00	\$2,520.00	\$7,056.00	\$12,348.00
25m / 81.9ft	MONO	\$109.00	\$2,616.00	\$7,325.00	\$12,819.00
25m / 81.9ft	MULTI	\$141.00	\$3,384.00	\$9,478.00	\$16,583.00
26m / 85.3ft	MONO	\$114.00	\$2,736.00	\$7,561.00	\$13,407.00
27m / 88.5ft	MONO	\$117.00	\$2,808.00	\$7,863.00	\$13,781.00
28m / 91.8ft	MONO	\$122.00	\$2,928.00	\$8,199.00	\$14,349.00
29m / 95.1ft	MONO	\$125.00	\$3,000.00	\$8,400.00	\$14,700.00
30m / 98.4ft	MONO	\$132.00	\$3,168.00	\$8,871.00	\$15,525.00
31m / 101.7ft	MONO	\$136.00	\$3,264.00	\$9,140.00	\$15,995.00
32m / 105ft	MONO	\$139.00	\$3,336.00	\$9,341.00	\$16,347.00
33m / 108.3ft	MONO	\$145.00	\$3,480.00	\$9,744.00	\$17,052.00
34m / 108.3ft	MONO	\$148.00	\$3,552.00	\$9,946.00	\$17,406.00
35m / 114.7ft	MONO	\$153.00	\$3,672.00	\$10,282.00	\$17,994.00

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HARDSTAND RATES	Per Foot / Day	\$1.50		
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More Southern Delights by the crew of Foreign Affair.

The walk, as is the case with a lot of walks in this national park, was not marked. Mostly, you just follow the most likely-looking way. We just stayed close to the river. On the way back, Sandy fell backwards during a delicate manoeuvre. No damage, until we got to the dinghy and she realized her sunglasses were missing. Being scouts of the highest order, we backtracked and found the very spot where she'd gone arseover, and there were the sunnies!

We make a good pair; I know where we're going, and she can see where we are.

All in all, a terrific day. And we owe the old couple who gave us the advice a few beers, 'cause it was good advice!

Wednesday evening we had sundowners with Phil and Di from a Jeanneau 42 called *Drumbeat*. They suggested we think about spending a night at Jibbon Beach. There are moorings there and some good coastal walks. However, we decided to see what the weather was doing before moving. A cold front was moving up the coast, expected to pass through our area late Wednesday night. 30kt NW before the passage of the front and 30-40kt S/SW afterwards. Hmmm. Decided to stay put.

Thursday morning was just as predicted. Cold, gusty SW winds made staying inside the best option. We're really snug in this inlet. It can blow all it likes, but there's insufficient fetch to cause anything more than a small chop. By lunchtime, it had settled down somewhat, so we decided to (a) stay here for the night and (b) take the dinghy around to Graham's Point to walk in the bush. Once again, we found a dearth of marked tracks. And most of the ones that were well used led to a "private property, keep out" sign??? In a National Park??? I was reminded of one of my early impressions of NSW- too many signs limiting, prohibiting, restricting, often for no obvious reason. But we're decent law-abiding citizens.....So we bush bashed and found an old fire trail which took us through some lovely typical Australian bush.

Friday morning was cold and clear. Not easy to rise and shine, especially if your name is not Bill. By 8am though all parties were on deck. Breakfast, weather, emails, and phone calls kept us busy until 9.00 when we made a move. It was one of "those mornings", cool clear and calm.

A delight to cruise slowly down to Jibbon Beach, which gives good shelter from SW through to SE, although I think it would be pretty uncomfortable in a stiff NE seabreeze. We picked up a mooring buoy, and immediately regretted it. It rattled, squeaked and generally waited until you'd relaxed when it would give a good thump.

Plenty of comings and goings through the day. It seems to be a popular lunch spot. It's also a good spot from which to observe a major airport in action. The anchorage is about half a mile from the departure path, so aircraft passed us at a rate of about 20 to the hour. Not sure if it would be a great place to live, but for us it was fun and interesting.

We took a couple of hours from our busy schedule of loafing to walk several kilometres around the headland. There's a famous

bombora just east of Port Hacking Point called the Jibbon Bombora. Boats give it a wide berth, with good reason. There's a lot of sandstone around here. I was reminded of parts of Broken Bay, while Sandy thought it was very similar to the formations we'd seen on Maria Island, Tasmania. There's supposed to be some Aboriginal carvings in the area, but all we saw was bits of graffiti. Maybe there's a connection.....

We overnighted at Jibbon Beach before departing for Sydney.

SYDNEY

All my post-kid life I've disliked Sydney. When I was a teenager, it was because those rich Sydney Clubs stole our best footy players. Of course there was the occasional good thing to come out of the place, Dawn Fraser being one. As an adult, every time I went to Sydney it was a sea of sameness, red brick, red-roofed houses, incredible traffic snarls, and the people behaved like, well just like you'd expect Sydneysiders to behave; rude and impatient.

On our trip from Tassie in *Foreign Affair* back in 2004, we went straight past Sydney Harbour to Broken Bay. No point in wasting time in Sydney Harbour. A year later however, we planned another voyage south to Broken Bay and, in a moment of weakness, the skipper agreed to spend a few days on Sydney Harbour. **WHAT A REVELATION!** What a glorious piece of water. I was smitten! At the risk of sounding like a reformed smoker, it is one of the most beautiful waterways I've ever seen. It's got everything from quiet secluded hideaways to all the hustle and bustle of Circular Quay. Can't get enough of it.

From the Log:
Saturday, April 05, 2008.
Dep. Jibbon Beach 0845.
Arr Collins Beach, Sydney Harbour 1100.
Anchored in 7m at 33.48.516, 151.17.365.
Eng. Hrs: 1968. Run time: 2hrs.
Log: 422. Trip: 20nm.
Wx: Wind: NE, 5-8. Swell: SSE 2.0m. Seas: <1.0m.
Inversion created significant haze over Sydney.

Pleasant run up the coast. We kept close inshore, so had a good look at the passing scene. We decided to go to Collins Beach for a couple of reasons. It's a pleasant, isolated spot, and from the beach there is a track over the hill to Manly. So fish & chips was on the menu. A good plan; as we nosed into Collins Beach, we manoeuvred around a yacht which had parked himself right in the middle of the anchoring area. Still, we found a spot clear of the shoaling area towards the beach, and with sufficient room from the clifflike edges to the inlet. We got a bit of a glare from the yachtie, presumably for intruding on his peace and quiet. We debated going ashore straight away or leaving it until late afternoon.



Above: Saturday at Collins Bay in Sydney Harbour.
Below: The famous Jibbon Bombora



An afternoon nap won the day.

What we hadn't reckoned on was the influx of boats for lunch. And beyond. By 4pm, we were surrounded. Four big Rivas, six 25ft speedboats, five yachts, and a Moreton Bay style cruiser. Worse than Jumpinpin on Australia Day weekend. I could pass a drink to one clown parked so close, if I was so inclined. Maybe this is how they do things down here. Apart from the fact that we couldn't get out even if we wanted to, it's kind of fascinating, in a "rabbit in the headlights" sort of way. We've survived the turn of the tide, just. Now we hope most of them will depart before dark. Not game to leave the boat in this situation. Maybe fish & chips tomorrow. Hang on a minute, tomorrow's Sunday, it'll be worse!!

In fact Sunday was a bit cloudy, and it showered early, which I guess was enough to keep the weekend warriors at home. Only a dozen or so ventured into Spring Cove, so we were almost lonely with only four extras. Took a walk around the headland between Collins Beach and Little Manly Cove, went to Manly in the dinghy to get Sunday supplies, and in the afternoon walked down to North Head. A pretty good day all round.

continued next page.....



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Monday was less kind weatherwise. The forecast was for 15-20SE and showers. They were right. In between showers we jumped in the dinghy and shot around to Manly, again, to get a paper, bread, and take a walk around Cabbage Tree Bay and the connecting track to the Sydney Harbour National Park, and back to Manly. We'd finished all our walking and shopping about 11.30 but looking SE we could see the blackest clouds and really heavy rain. Captain Careful wanted to get back to the boat before the squall hit. So, ignoring the crew's pitiful cries, we pushed off. Well, we could see the Manly Ferry as it went past us, but not much more. A pair of drowned rats boarded *Foreign Affair* just as the rain stopped. To make matters worse, the dinghy had developed a reasonably good leak. All in all, we were happy to dry off, have lunch, and take a power nap. Fixed the leak with some ply, silicone and ingenuity.

Tuesday we debated whether to go or stay. The forecast, again, was for 15-20SE, with frequent showers. However, we decided to give it a go, so upped anchor at 10.00 and motored slowly across to Watsons Bay. From there we looked into every bay along the southern side of the harbour east of the bridge. Dodging ferries, cruise boats, showers all added to the fun. From the bridge we headed for Darling Harbour and then into Rozelle Bay where we'd anchored two years ago. It hasn't changed. Still too tight for comfort, with questionable holding, but so convenient!! Captain Careful will worry about it for 24hrs then decide it's OK if we haven't moved by then.

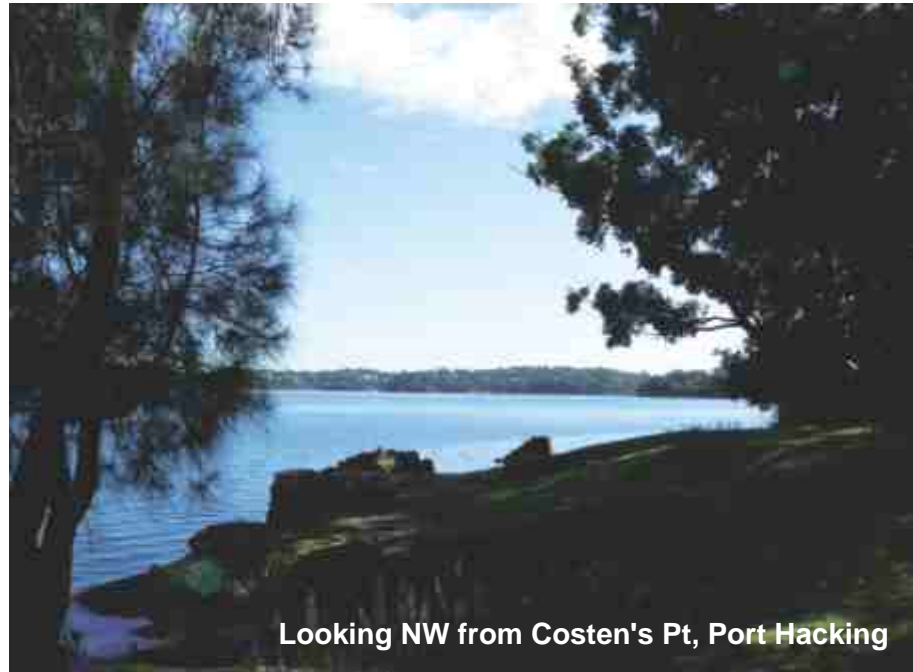
Wednesday morning and we hadn't dragged; the forecast was benign, 10-15SE, so we decided to enjoy life from Rozelle Bay for a few days. It is an anchorage that we both really enjoy. There's always something happening; rowers and war canoes in the morning and evening, huge car carriers on the other side of the Anzac Bridge, and every few days the cement company's ship brings another load of supplies for the plant.

One of the advantages this anchorage offers is the Fish Markets. 5 minutes by dinghy, with a tie-up spot, so a chef can buy all the seafood she needs, plus cheese (very good) bread (very average) and fruit (OK). From the Fish Markets, it's a short walk to the Light Rail station. Another of the anchorages advantages is the proximity to the Buses that run from the end of Glebe Road into the city every 15 minutes or so. The only downside this option has is: The dinghy has to be tied (actually, we chain and lock it) to a ladder which goes down the rock wall, no problem there but at low tide the dinghy sits on a few oyster-encrusted rocks. The tinnie's OK but I'm not sure about these new fangled inflatables.

From Wednesday to Saturday we would leave around 9am and do a specific tour, returning around 4pm. The Powerhouse Museum, the Archibald Prize display, Balmain, the Maritime Museum, the Opera House. And we enjoyed them all. Again! One of the good things about ageing is you can go back time and time again and it's all new. Actually, the Powerhouse Museum and the Maritime Museum have a significant number of special displays which change on a regular basis, so it really is new and different.

At the Powerhouse Museum, I particularly enjoyed the special display and lecture about the early USSR space program. So much so that we went back on Saturday to see and listen to the presentation entitled "In the shadow of the Moon". As it happened, it wasn't a lecture or talk, but rather a documentary of the Apollo Space Program, from Apollo 8 through to Apollo 17. Lots of commentary from some very old astronauts. Thoroughly enjoyable.

continued page 22.....



Looking NW from Costen's Pt, Port Hacking



"Breaking a rule every day.. better than an apple for keeping the doctor at bay!"



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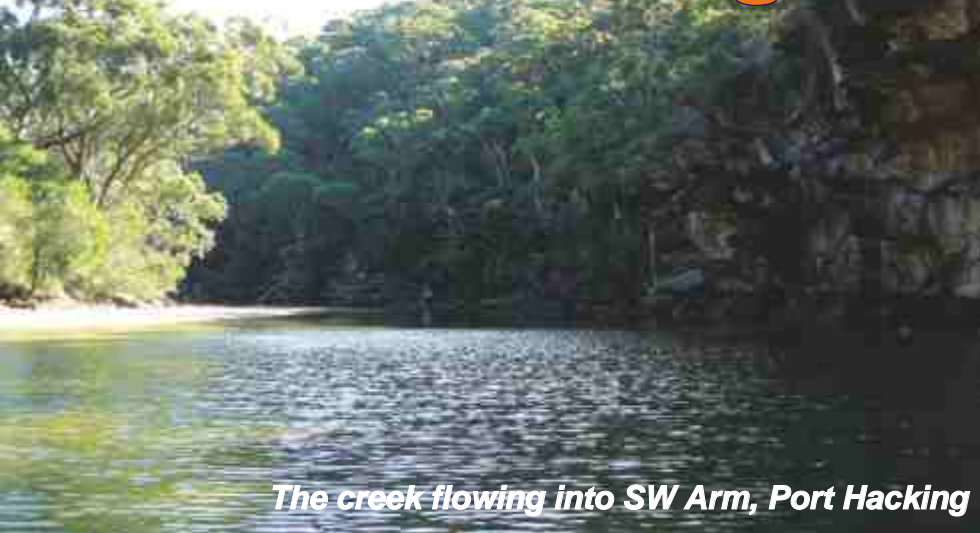
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Southern Delights! Concludes



The creek flowing into SW Arm, Port Hacking

We judged the entries in the Archibald Prize as carefully as we could. Both disagreed with the judge's choice. And while we reckoned the Packers prize winner, a portrait of Neill Finn, was worthy, our gong went to the portrait of Maggie and Simon, of Cook and Chef fame. We broke for lunch, which we had in the Domain, before walking to the Opera house just in case there was a photo opportunity.

On Saturday, Captain and crew decided that we needed to top up our water tanks. We hadn't used the watermaker since entering Sydney Harbour a week ago. Lots of signs warning people not to eat fish or crustaceans caught in the harbour, especially after rainfall, due to dioxin levels. Not wanting to ingest too many dioxins, we chose not to make water. So, the solution was to spend a night in a marina to fill the tanks and give the batteries a blast. All marinas in Sydney are really expensive. So we figured we might as well be right in the centre of the action, i.e. Darling Harbour.

The marina is quite compact, just past the Pyremont Bridge. Very tight to get into. Capt Careful was doing a great job rotating the boat through 90 degrees left to reverse into our spot. Sandy called Starboard stern 1 metre clear of the finger behind us as I kept the bow as close as I dared to the wharf in front of us. Port bow clear, Starboard bow clear..... bump, now clear. Just a tiny scratch

on the paintwork, but some damage to the ego. Still it WAS seriously tight.

It was a fun place to spend the night. A tourist Mecca, with shopping, Imax, Conference Centre, Museums, etc etc. People all around in their thousands. Many nationalities. We were content to re-visit the Maritime Museum and this time we took the tour of the Endeavour, an accurate replica of THE Endeavour. The ship is staffed by volunteers, most of whom are good value and informative. The ship will be in Brisbane in August.

Big thunderstorm in the early evening. Lots of Donna und Blitzen, and heaps of rain. Saved me from washing the boat. The forecast is not too flash for the next few days. 20-30kt S/SW winds. We decided to go to Middle Harbour to a sheltered area until things improve.

Bantry Bay is much the same as we remembered from last time: There are 7 public moorings, and there was always at least one free while we were there. Completely isolated from the city, lots of bush, plenty of birdlife, winged variety.

The weather conditions remained much the same for the next few days: Quieter during the night and early morning, but building by midday. The showers were frequent, but with sufficient breaks to allow the occasional bushwalks. Of course we didn't go ashore to the old armory site, that's forbidden!

A couple of miles from Bantry Bay is Sugarloaf Bay

This is a very pleasant mooring, and while there are houses on the ridges, it's very quiet. It's sheltered from wind and waves, although the trees on the ridges tell the real story. Went for a stickybeak in the dinghy before shutting up shop for the night. Wednesday morning we waited until 1030 when the weather broke and gave us a 2 hour no rain window which we used to walk half of the very pretty bush walk around to H. C. Press Park.

Sydney is fortunate to have so many areas of bushland reserve around

the harbour. There must, in days of yore, been some far-sighted and honest government people who had the will to withstand the developer's lobby.

Looking at the weather forecast, it seemed like we could leave Sydney possibly Thursday. So we thought we might anchor in Watsons Bay or Rose Bay to allow an east departure in the morning. However, when we cleared Middle Head and felt the true wind, it was obvious that unless something amazing happened, we wouldn't be leaving for a few days. We cruised by the two bays for a look-see. A nice little chop in both places would have made for a most unpleasant night. So we continued up the harbour and anchored in Blackwattle Bay.

Thursday was wet, but not too windy in our sheltered little anchorage, so we took the bus into town and re-visited the Archibald exhibition, this time with a volunteer guide, which we reckoned would provide us with a bit more background. Well, she was able to provide technical background, but skipped the portraits whose subjects she didn't know. And since she "doesn't watch TV" and "doesn't go to the movies" this removed about half the entries. Still it was enjoyable listening to what seemed to us to be a bit of an "Art Snob". We followed it with a visit to the State Library to see the Doug Moran photographic portrait exhibition. The winner, which received wide coverage, was a composite nude study of four generations of women; the artist's daughter, herself, her mother, and her grandmother. We liked the grandmother's comment when she was asked to shed her clothes: "Imagine being a centerfold at my age".

Saturday, 19th April, we finally headed out through the heads, and like a good Queenslander, turned left. But only as far as Pittwater/Broken Bay, which may be worth a few lines in the future.

Despite the weather being mediocre, enjoying Sydney is easy. There's an enormous number of things to do. And it is SO INEXPENSIVE to do in a boat. You don't need to use the expensive marinas. There are plenty of anchorages available to suit the prevailing weather. NSW Maritime was very helpful!! The waterways maps and Alan Lucas's guide are the things you need. Plus a burning desire to experience something really special.

TCP's note: We hope you enjoyed this adventure as much as we did, and TCP will give equal time to Sydneysiders to give Bill heaps. But the question of negotiating the bars on the NSW coast deserves more comment. So next page is the bonus. What Foreign Affair experienced and what was learnt.

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BARs: A HEADS UP



Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

crossed in *Foreign Affair*, some several times. Because of the boat's passage-making ability, we've always bypassed Ballina as we can run from the Seaway to Iluka in daylight. Given the reputation of Ballina Bar, we think this is OK.

One of our favourite anchorages along the NSW coast is Camden Haven. The preferred anchorage is opposite the Services Club. A lovely, safe spot with shopping available at Laurieton, and spectacular views from the North Brother mountain just a serious walk away.

The bar is accurately described in Alan Lucas's guide, and was, in our opinion, one of the more trustworthy bars along the coast.

Returning from our recent voyage to Sydney, we'd departed Port Stephens intending to overnight at Crowdy Heads. But it was showery, SE 20kts with a swell that would have made for an uncomfortable night. So we pressed on to our preferred hidey-hole of Camden Haven another 15 miles away.

Arrival time at the bar was not the best; 2 hours before low, so we took a long hard look at the situation before going in. The leads were easy to find, and we powered in on about 1.5 to 2m of non-scary stuff. An early night was planned as we wanted to go out on the last couple of hours of the rising tide in the morning.

Up anchor at 0630, down by the entrance before 7, light wind, overcast but no rain. We watched for 5 minutes, and could see a bit of action away from the line of the leads, but otherwise it looked good. We picked up the line from astern, chose a point on the horizon, and with "trackback" on the GPS to help, went out at about 5-6kts.

A minute or two later, while discussing what to have for breakfast, Sandy said "look at the size of that". A little way ahead

a wave built up in front of us and eventually broke over our bows, green water over the saloon, up over the steering station and out the back, washing the solar panels on the way through and filling the dinghy.

"Golly, that was a good one" I said (or words to that effect) as we waited for the water to clear from the windscreen, so we could see out again. As the screen cleared and we could see further than a foot, my early-warning wife pointed out that a second wave was about to do the same. Over the bows, up and over the saloon, up and over the steering station and out the back. Again.

"Gee whiz", I said while waiting to see out again. Oh Oh, here comes number three. It did exactly as the previous two had done. Fortunately, this time when the windscreen cleared, there was only a relatively flat sea ahead stretching to the horizon.

The vessel came through the ordeal in better shape than the crew, who were a touch shaken by the experience. Once clear, I checked above the steering station roof as I was convinced we'd lost some aerials, but not so. Checked for water ingress, but none. Only a slight leak from a portlight. No breakages anywhere. We were bloody lucky.

So, what did we do right and what did we do wrong, and what did we learn??? Well, on the positive side of the ledger:

- *All hatches were secure and watertight.
- *The bung in the dinghy was out, but even so it was full.
- *There were no loose bits and pieces inside or outside.
- *All the cabin and galley doors were pinned.
- *The entry doors from cockpit to saloon were closed.
- *The anchor was pinned and lashed.
- *We were on course.

- On the negative side:
- *We were a little too confident as we'd come in easily the previous day.
 - *We should have taken an extra 10 minutes looking before proceeding.
 - *I maybe should have had a bit more weigh on initially, though the faster you go the

greater the impact (on windows). We certainly lost weigh with the first impact. I should have corrected this more quickly.

*I suspect I was probably more focussed on keeping on track than watching the immediate foreground (situational awareness).

One possible indicator which we missed was this: While at anchor, I noticed that we didn't swing with the tide at all. We hung downstream all night. There had been a lot of rain the previous day, and the river was running strongly. So even though the tide was in the last stage of the flood, the flow was still downstream, creating an ebb tide situation on the bar. We heard later that a sand bar had built up quickly near the entrance.

What did we learn?

Never, ever, take a bar crossing for granted.

Take your time looking at the situation. Be aware of ALL the things that are going on.

This truly was a wake-up call for us. I'd be interested to hear tips, advice etc from other parties on this topic, as we can all learn something from this.



Sandy and Bill cruise aboard their Chamberlain 46" Motor Cat that they built. So besides great information on their destinations I have a mentor on hand for my epoxy questions. JKOS eh Bill!

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THE HERO'S GET TO HAMMO

By Keith Owen of "Speranza"

Our son Matthew chartered a Sydney 36 called *Local Hero* to compete in this year's Hamilton Island Race Week. Matthew, as manager of the Canberra Yacht Club, distributes TCP to the good burghers of the ACT.

Local Hero races out of the Middle Harbour Yacht Club in Sydney. How to get LH from there to the start line in Hammo? Answer: put together a real flash delivery crew.

The Hero's

Skipper for the journey was Peter Barter (Peter B). As well as being an epicurean chef, PB also sails a very quick Elliott 7 in Canberra called *Escapade*.

Peter Mosley (Peter M) is LH's owner and was present for the ride to ensure that LH was not unduly trashed along the way. Peter and LH have done Southport, Coffs and Lord Howe races. Paul Neal is a gun dinghy sailor from Canberra and builds houses when not out on the lake. I was invited along to do the Southport to Whitsunday's leg to bring a steadying influence to proceedings. I kept humming "Yesterday's Hero" which seemed quite appropriate.

We're Off!

LH arrived in Southport after an uneventful trip from Sydney. I jumped on and after refueling and a bit of provisioning, we pushed off at 5pm. The wind outside the Seaway was a light easterly and we started to hoist the sails at dusk. This took forever as there was a twist in some bit that prevented the main going up. We headed east for a long time until the problem was resolved. At one stage I was anxious at not having my passport as it looked like we were headed for New Zealand! When we were finally settled, the wind went to the west and built to over 20 knots. LH flew she is a very slippery yacht.

The Mintie Contest

There is a tradition that the steerer who is at the helm when the fastest speed is recorded, wins a Mintie. There were Yip, Yip's from Paul when he recorded better than 10 knots off Stradbroke Island. When it was my turn, I was soon tootling along at about 12 knots (or so I thought). This was so easy. But Peter M commented that it didn't feel that fast. On investigation it was discovered that I had been reading the Apparent Wind Angle and not the speedo gauge. I had to give the Mintie back! But a couple of days later, I was to reclaim the Mintie. We were running in fairly big seas with the wind around 25 knots. LH cracked a biggie and while I held onto the tiller like grim death, Peter M read off the numbers which peaked at 13.9 knots. Peter admonished me for not getting to 14 knots. I did try!

Wind is a four letter word.

"None" is also a four letter word! After knocking off more than 80 nm in the first 12 hours, we were abeam Double Island Point when someone just turned the fan off. Now, my mate Jan from *Helmsman* had impressed on me the perils of conditions on the outside of Fraser Island. But on this occasion, it was a complete glass out. LH motored for nearly 24 hours only to cover 90 nm during that period. It was a real diesel day. But it was rather spectacular when the whales started breaching near us as we came around Breaksea Spit.

The wind finally returned and we had a very

pleasant sail up to Lady Musgrave Island.

Things that go bump in the night.

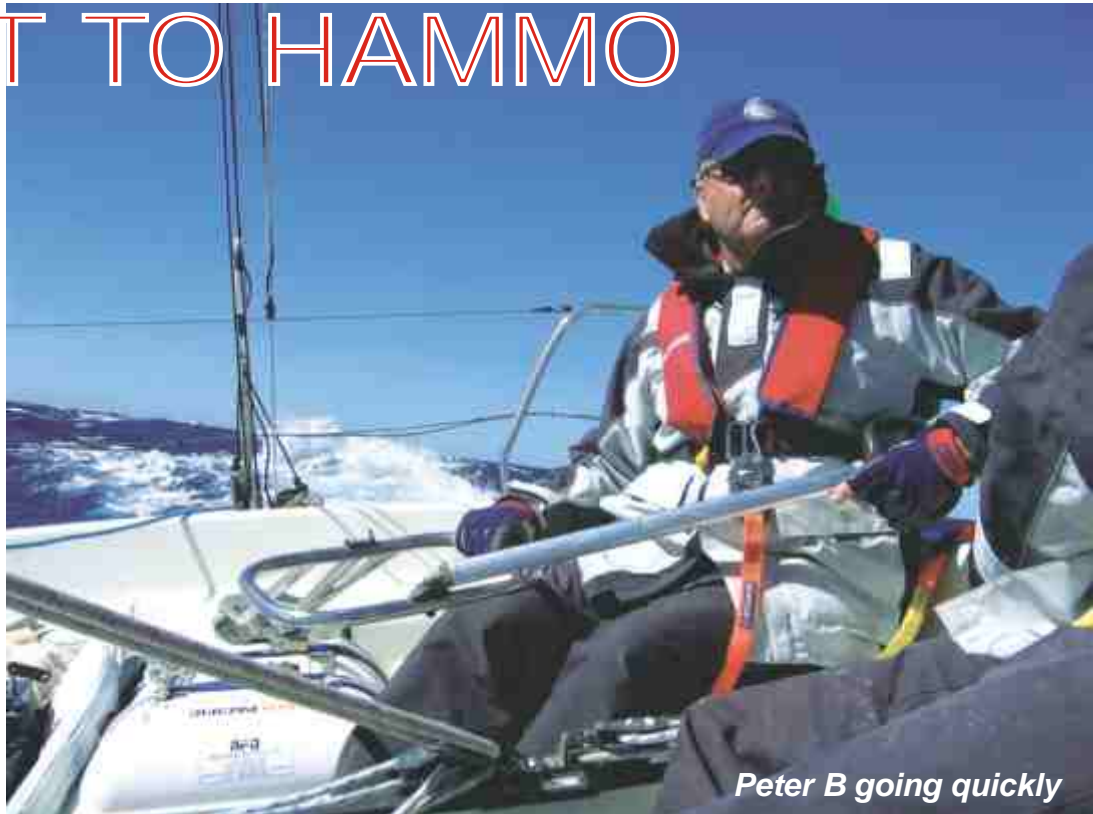
Our radios had been working perfectly. I had clocked on with VMR Bundaberg as we came around Breaksea Spit and the reception was as clear as a bell in spite of the large distance that the signal had to traverse. So imagine my surprise when I got no response from Bundy when I tried to log off at Lady Musgrave. I tried Ruth at VMR Round Hill, but she said we were so broken up, she couldn't catch our message. Next day another yacht relayed our position to the VMR's and we thought all was well. However, when the VMR's were talking to each other, we were horrified to learn that we had been listed as "missing" and the Gladstone Water Police had been alerted. A bit of an embarrassment.

We took our drinks on shore to have sundowners on the beach. A lady camper came over and we discovered that there were 30 members of the ANU Diving Club from Canberra on the Island. The lady diver introduced herself as the daughter of one of the prominent members of the Canberra Yacht Club. LH's Canberra contingent were very impressed at this bizarre encounter.

In the middle of the night, the wind swung LH over the top of a bit of reef and as the tide went down we went "bump". I popped out quickly. Peter started the engine and we drove forward about 50 meters and reanchored not a problem. I stayed on deck for a bit to ensure we were finally settled. When I went below, there is Peter B sound asleep. Gee, I thought, you went back to bed quickly. It was only next day when discussing the previous night, that it transpired that it was Peter M not Peter B who had been on deck with me. Too many Peters!

Where are all the boats?

We left Lady Musgrave in a strong Southerly of about 25 knots. LH lifted her skirts and charged north. We had the option of going outside High Peak Island and glad we did as it looked pretty rough around Cape Townsend. A couple of gybes had us tracking straight for the Percy's. When we got to West Bay, MPI, there was not a boat in sight. Where was everyone?



Peter B going quickly

Well boys and girls, the collective wisdom of all cruisers in the area was that the anchorage was crap in the prevailing weather. Everyone had gone elsewhere. But we did go ashore and Peter M hung a placard in the A-frame. After recording this significant event on camera, we upped anchor and went on to Curlew for the evening.

Wheatbix for dinner? You've got to be joking!

It was at Curlew that we did a stock take of our supplies. We had metered out the beer and Bundy rations quite well so we would just fall over the line. But food was becoming scarce. Peter B whipped up some terrific meals with bits and pieces. But the only substantial food stocks left was a packet of Wheatbix. Now I don't eat that stuff even for breakfast. The thought of having Wheatbix for a main meal did not enthuse. So we pressed the peddle and headed off for Burning Point where we had a few hours shut eye before getting to Abel Point Marina at around noon next day. When we tied up, Pattie and the *Speranza* relief train arrived with sandwiches and beer. We were saved!

On reflection

It was a great trip. Sure, it was a bit slow when motored. But this was quickly forgotten when we bowled along at 8 to 9 knots with winds of 20 to 25 at 120 degrees. Hard to get better than that. We did the 650 or so miles in 5 1/2 days very pleasing.

LH is a beaut boat. I hope the work out we gave her on the delivery run augurs well for top results at Hammo. (eds note: Hammo coverage next TCP so we'll see how LH does)



"Is Peter M dead? How do we arrange a burial at sea?"



LH strategy meeting

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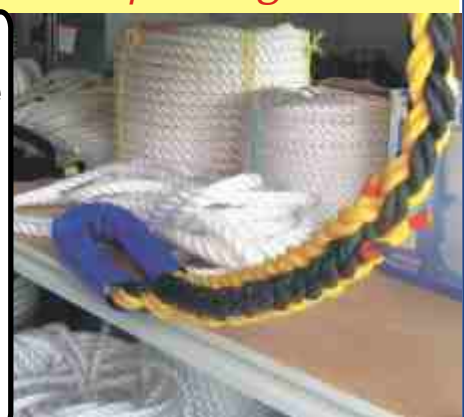


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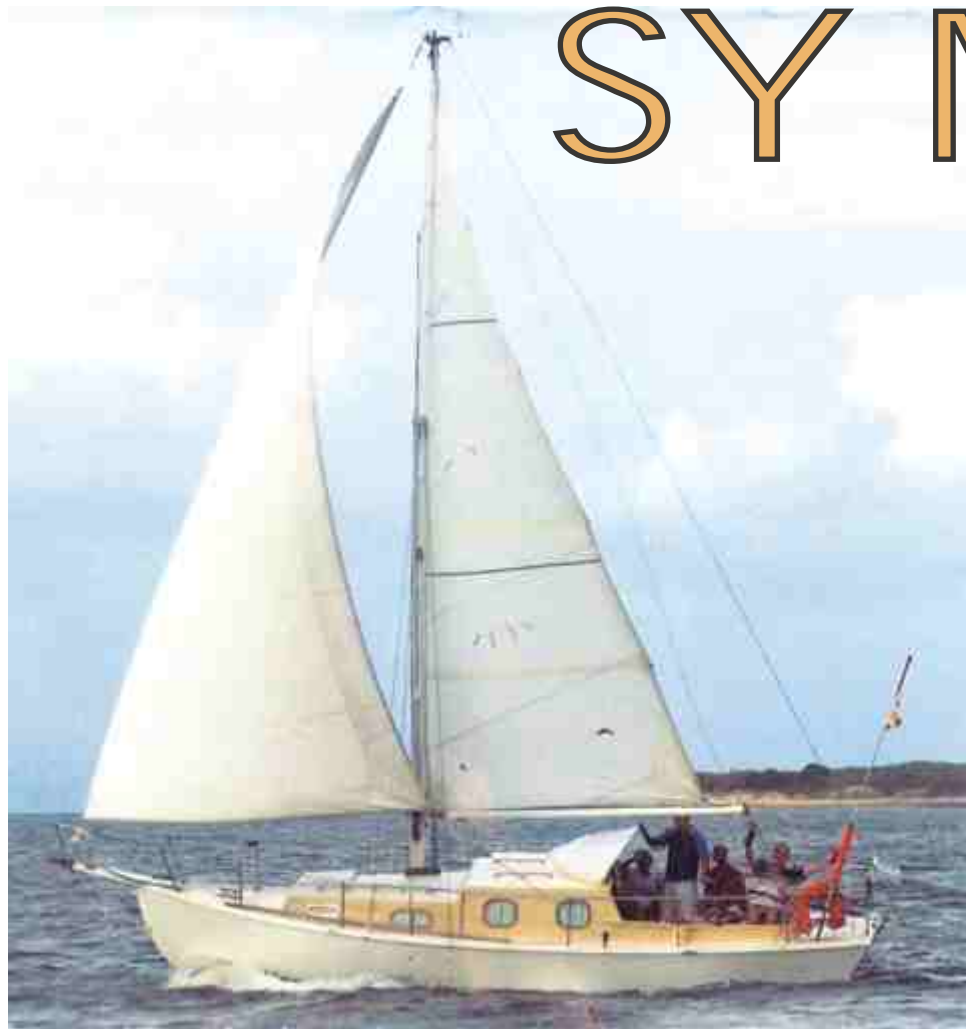
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CRUISER DESIGNED, SAILOR MADE

SY Marana



By June Deckert, SY, Marana

Back in 1966 my husband, Lance was wondering what he was going to build. A caravan or a shack. I suggested he build a yacht as we both loved boats and being out fishing.

Lance found a design in a boat builders handbook. There were instructions about building a 27'6" yacht, so with lots of brown paper, my kitchen floor became a design centre. My husband was a

carpenter and although we only had his wage, I decided to get a job to help with the expenses. With our two wages we embarked on our dream of building the yacht - a starlite design by an American navel architect, William Jackson.

Lance altered the cabin height to give us more headroom. Materials were purchased along the way and soon we had many onlookers as we had a bus stop outside our house. The children said it looked like a Viking ship as it took shape.

There were many trips to the timber merchants until Lance was satisfied with the large piece of timber he was to make the mast from.

Two and a half years later the big day arrived to move the finished yacht into the Patawalonga River. We named her "Marana" which is Aboriginal for "star". We thought that was a great name for the starlite design yacht. I had a hard job breaking the champagne bottle over the bow but finally Marana was afloat.

Our first trip was to sail Marana to the Port Adelaide Sailing Club about 25 miles down the coast and back up the Port River to the P.A.S.C. moorings. This was "Marana's" base for the next 14 years. We made many trips across to Port Vincent, a small country town on Yorke Peninsula. It was about 32 miles down the river and across St. Vincent's gulf to this delightful anchorage. We ventured further afield and had many great holidays at Kangaroo Island and especially American River, a well known yachting area in South Australia. We also had many trips to Pondalowie Bay on the western side of Yorke Peninsula then onto Wedge Island, Thistle Island and into Boston Bay, Port Lincoln.

Port Lincoln is a terrific place and very popular with yachts from all over the world. Sir Joseph banks Group of Islands is only a few hours from Port Lincoln and we had a great time there. My son Michael and a friend were diving & snorkelling until a large shark was sighted, indicating that it was time to keep out of the water. We

had other yachts with us so the barbeque was a great hit with the twenty four yachties and their families who ate the fish we caught along the way. It was a most interesting cruise and our trips to Port Lincoln, Kangaroo Island and Port Vincent provided some very good memories of people we shared these adventures with.

We were having a beer at the P.A.S.C. with a friend Jack Watkins when out of the blue Jack said, "Why don't you and

June take Marana to Queensland?" We had never thought of going out of South Australia. As we knew nothing about cruising in Queensland waters we asked Jack where to go - the answer was Bowen.

So for the next year we worked together to plan a trip to Queensland. We decided that not only would we take Marana to Bowen; we would also buy a house in Bowen and move there permanently. We flew up to Bowen to check out the

houses and during our weeks holiday, put a deposit on a house before heading back to sell our house. Luckily, we had spent the year getting ready to move, so after a few weeks our house was sold and we could prepare for our road trip to Bowen. My son, Michael had just left the navy after nearly 12 years, so he decided to come along with us. He bought a truck which Lance and himself converted into a covered truck to take our furniture, etc the 2000 mile trip to Bowen via Broken Hill. Michael drove our 1969 Toyota plus trailer packed with more household goods. We left Adelaide on November 1982 in very hot weather.

All went well until just before reaching Coonabarabran with the trucks radiator boiling and another wait to get it repaired. It was too hot for the radiator people to work, so we spent another two days before we were on our way to Bowen. It took eleven days to reach Bowen, a trip in which normal circumstances would have been five days.

Our Bowen adventure had started. Lance and I had eighteen years sailing around Bowen and the Whitsunday Islands. We won a few cruising races and our greatest achievement in 1985 was winning the Cock O' Gloucester race on the 27th April, 1985. We had many trips to the Airlie Beach fun Race and trips to Hayman, Olden, Gloucester and Monte's where the N.Q.C.Y.C. had lots of weekends with club members.

We continued sailing in the Bowen area until 1999. Lance was diagnosed with cancer and died on 26th June 2000. Marana was taken over by my son, Michael, who did a lot of repairs and with new sails, etc., continued on sailing and winning many more races. After having Marana in our family for 38 years, Michael sold Marana to a chef on Long Island. So Marana has an ideal mooring in the Whitsundays, which is however, a far cry from her launching at Glenelg, South Australia in December 1969.



June, one of our favourite TCP fans

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Horror Scopes...

This bit of sicko humour should be blamed on vessels "Speranza" and "Absolutely"



For 40 years Aquarians have been in a funk due to that wretched song from the sixties that promoted the future as the age of Aquarius.. No one deserves that kind of guilt trip so now finally you Aquarians can lift your head high.. it wasn't your fault, really! Advise for the season? Go catch a big reef fish that is a 100% candidate for ciguatera and then give to the nearest Pisces - they probably wrote the song and won't know better being lousy fishermen.



You will meet a nice couple while walking on the beach. You will strike up a conversation and end up inviting them to your boat for sundowners at 5pm. They will come 15 minutes early and you will be horrified to see that they arrive empty handed. Oh well, you will rationalise, only a beer or a wine or two won't drain the grog cabinet. It turns out, he only drinks scotch and his wife prefers a gin and tonic. So they stay and stay. He demolishes the scotch and there is a serious hole in the Gordon's. You will be getting hungry at this stage and, as you will have a large pot of spag boll on the go, you will make a crucial mistake of inviting them to stay for dinner. His drink of preference will quickly turn to red wine bottles of it. By the end of the meal you will be silly enough to offer coffee which he will accept as long as it comes with port. Being slow off the mark but now aroused... you now have bait for those sharks you've been meaning to instruct as to the proper order of the food chain.



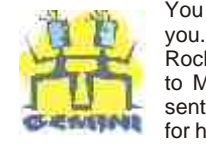
Your depth gauge will start playing up. The local instrument guru will tell you it's stuffed because it is an old analogue model. You order the latest "flash as a rat with a gold tooth" digital item costing many boat units. When switched on, it will put your depth at around the same level as the Everest Base Camp. Then you will find the original problem was caused by a loose wire and the old analogue now works perfectly. You will try to return the digital kit, but the supplier says that as the packaging is broken sorry. So you will decide to keep it in a box for the future. However the container leaks and stuffs up the "flash as a rat" machine forever. You will experience a great depth of despair



Scorpions are known for their pricks, best you go find a Virgo.



This fishy star sign should usually result in a bountiful catch of fish. Wrong! You will trail a lure for many miles without a bite. Then lose your favourite lure to a huge mackerel which breaks your line and buggers the rod and reel. Then the fisho inspectors arrive to do you over. You should have gone to the co-op in the first place.



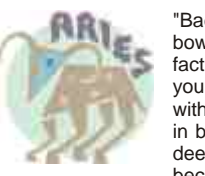
You Gemini's are really clever people, both of you. You live by weather forecasts. You are a Rocky Met groupie and a compulsive listener to Mechanical Mike you will have already sent him a postcard from Cookie to say thanks for his reports. But you will be let down by the weathermen/women. You will be planning a passage next morning based on benign conditions. You will have done the washing up the night before so you can get away at sparrow's fart. BOM will have given a cast-iron guarantee that it is going to be 15 to 20 knots SE (acknowledging that wind gusts can be a 40% stronger). Perfect. But when you're out there, it is blowing dogs off chains. BOM comes on the VHF to read out the weather. "Hang on," you say over the radio, "what we have here is nothing like what your predicting". "Well, I'm not a forecaster" comes the reply, "I will talk to my boss". He/she comes on and says there is a localised cyclone in your area. The good news is that it will pass over you by lunchtime. In the meantime, you will have to shorten sail, and apologise to your wife for yelling at her when the yacht broached. Your attitude towards BOM will be one of love, hate... or is that hate love..



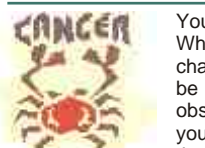
Normally fearless in terrifying situations like pushing shopping trolleys around supermarkets on Saturday mornings, the Leos roar turns into a whimper when faced with 20 knots on the nose. As with all cats, they have an aversion to getting wet, so must take care not to fall overboard. Sudden and unexpected immersion results in a temper tantrum not to be missed. For this month, Leos are advised to stay inside away from any possible precipitation to avoid that frizzy mane sail look. Cat naps are recommended for the duration, to turn that raging lion into a purring pussycatamaran.



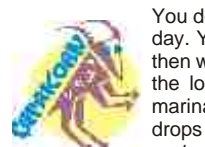
Virgins, thanks for nothing.



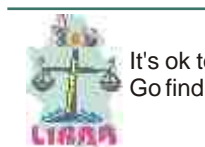
"Bad marina day coming up. Berth allocation is a starboard tie bow in. You will arrive at the allotted parking lot to find that in fact all your fenders and strings are on the wrong side. And you will also discover that you are expected to share the pen with a huge bloody cat. If your 47 foot mono is only 1.5 metres in beam - not a problem there, guys! Otherwise you are in deep doo-doo. You will be unable to access the shore power because your allocated plug hole is bugged - and every other outlet is in use. Otherwise, make sure you have taken your blood pressure pills that morning. Having sorted that little lot out, go and have a well-earned tub to spruce up for sundowners. But there will be no hot water and someone will have used the last of the toilet paper. Anchoring is really much easier and cheaper."



You will be in the Whitsundays and do the obligatory trip to Whitehaven Beach where you will be surrounded by bloody charter boats moored dangerously close to your P&J. You will be sitting on the beach feeling very self satisfied while observing a charter boat drag "silly buggers haven't a clue" you will pontificate. A passing yachtie informs you that it is not the charter boat that has dragged, it is your own P&J. You will have an "Oh Shit!" reaction and race for your dinghy to avoid a Titanic moment. But will your outboard start? Not on your nelly. The Sunsail chaterers say jump into our dinghy. On arrival at your P&J you will find the tide dropping and you are bumping on a sandbank. Mr Sunsail says he will up his anchor and drag you off which he does. Many thanks. But on the Sunsail sked that evening, he will announce to the world that he has rescued your P&J. Next time you are in the sailing club, the bar man will loudly announce " hey, here's the guy who was rescued by Sunsail". You will never live it down.



You don't know it yet, but you are going to have an "Oh Pooh" day. You plan to go into the marina around 11am, tie up, and then with your on-board guests, go to a splendiferous lunch at the local gourmet café. Great plan. As you approach the marina, one female guest goes below for a last wee. And then drops a tampon down the loo. On flushing, it blocks the whole system. Not a problem. You can disassemble the loo and still reach the café in time for lunch. Your guests trundle off. You don your dunny working gear and attack the problem. Not as easy as it seems. You will finally clear the blockage at 12.30pm. But in doing so, a bit of poo is flushed overboard. Some obnoxious observer will dob you into the marina office who then will ask you to leave because you have discharged effluent in the pen. Having got your QC (always available at a price!) to argue your case to stay, you will have time for a quick shower and head off to the café. Once there, you find your friends half pissed. You try to order a meal sorry the kitchen is closed. Bugger. As you trudge back to the boat, you will decide on a pizza take away. But they will have put pineapple instead of pepperoni. Dreadful taste. Promise, you will have had a really shitty day.



It's ok to brush your teeth... but not after every bite! Go find something to polish..



marinanet has been undergoing some changes...



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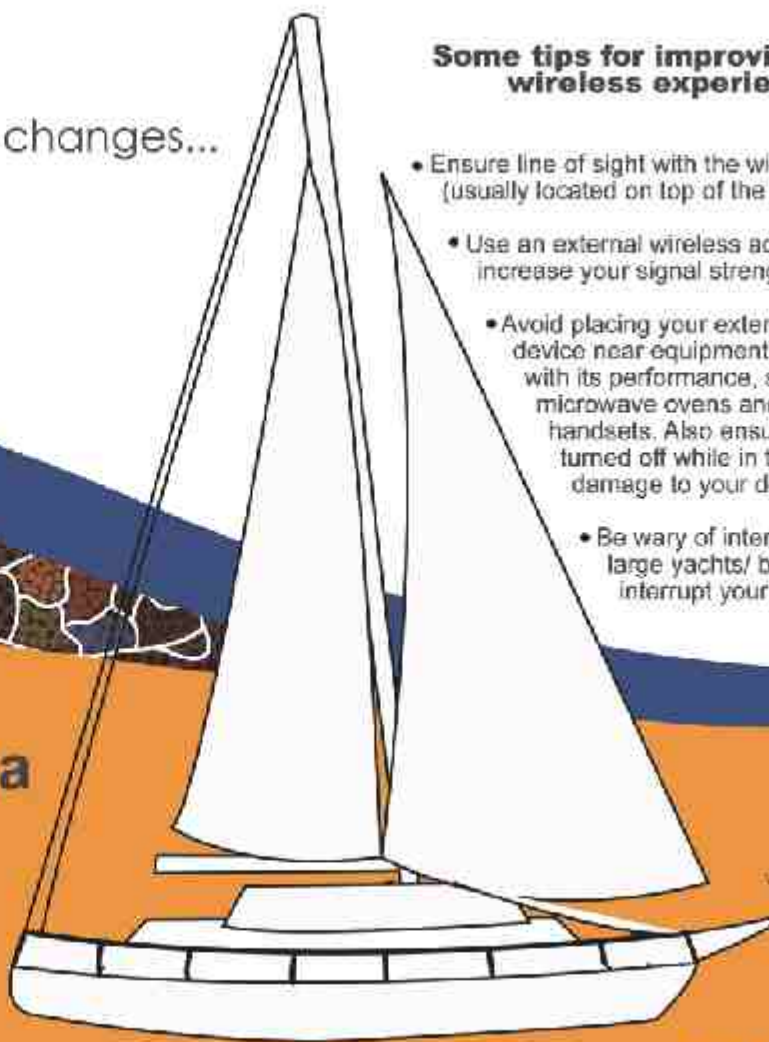
Coming soon... a new marinanet website with a blog for yachties

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Some tips for improving your wireless experience

- Ensure line of sight with the wireless antenna (usually located on top of the marina office).
- Use an external wireless adaptor to increase your signal strength.
- Avoid placing your external wireless device near equipment that may interfere with its performance, such as microwave ovens and wireless phone handsets. Also ensure your radar is turned off while in the marina to avoid damage to your device.
- Be wary of interferences such as large yachts/ buildings that may interrupt your signal.



Ingenious artwork created by David Williams www.jillimbob.com.au

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Have a built in camera on your computer? Do you ever do anything in front of that computer while it is on and connected to the web that you wouldn't want viewed by a stranger? Then you better get rid of it or at least cover it. Before you start rolling your eyes and thinking.. Bob has lost it!... I was voicing suspicion about this last year and that's the reaction I got from some people... well, I told you so! **"Online voyeur gets four years over remote webcam"** That was the headline on ABC that got my attention. This particular case came to attention because it involved an underage girl being stalked by an adult man. He sent an email with a common 'trojan horse' virus that hi-jacked the web cam on the computer in her bedroom. The way he got caught was that he traced her phone number and was stupid enough to try to contact her. Apparently it doesn't take a genius to do this. How to assure security? Physically covering the thing may be the most effective remedy after the fact but the best thing is not to make your personal information available. **Be wary of those social networking sites and the programs they offer!**

Google 'gadgets', gmail, iGoogle claimed to be hackers delight! A recent convention of "DefCon", computer hackers turned security experts, in Las Vegas USA, has claimed that many of the programs associated with free web pages and networking sites are notoriously easy to hi-jack so a "third party can track activity or take control of users machines". Once in they can make your machine run spam, "download child porn or send subversive messages to China" or take your email address lists and pass words... the lot.

What to do?!!? There is a lot you can do. First thing start with a clean machine. Insist that nothing be loaded onto your new machine by the dealer except the operating system. I prefer to buy an empty machine and load the system myself. I believe some dealers get paid to load rubbish on new machines. To guard against virus/privacy attack your first line of defence is a good firewall, no, not that poor thing that came on your Microshaft windows computer. If you are connected via aDSL or dial up, your modem should have a good one built in. If you don't know if it has one, assume it doesn't and go spend the \$100 or whatever, to replace it. There is firewall software for sale or download all over the place but... see the "free program" issues above. Security programs are a favourite of the spyware crowd as a means to infect you. Overall, do not ever allow a program to install on your computer from the web... full stop. If it comes on a disc I figure there is half a chance of it being OK, but from the web about 1% chance! **Updates..** TCP computers are absolutely forbidden to allow updates from anyone. If you wish to disable windows updates, here is how. For you windows XP users, just disabling from the little panel on your desktop is not good enough. Windows is full of redundant controls. To be sure to disable go to START>CONTROL

PANEL>ignore the "security center" icon and look to left and see; SWITCH TO CLASSIC VIEW>ADMINISTRATIVE TOOLS>SERVICES (DOUBLE CLICK) which will bring down a list of program functions, double click on "automatic updates" and disable. While you are in there, if you have XP pro, you may have a function called "REMOTE REGISTRY" Unless you are intending to network your computer via the web, you may consider disabling this function as it is intended to allow someone outside your computer to run it as their own. Dangerous...

Anti-virus.. At TCP we use none. For a year now the 4 systems we have that are exposed to the web have had no anti-virus program BUT, we allow NO program to install. No flash players or photo gallery's, nothing, we don't leave them connected and unattended and our computers are perfect. If we have something we want to open that's suspect, I start it on a non web computer where it can't invite in trouble. There is a reason the virus programs are called a Trojan Horse. Think about it.

Cookies.. These are small programs that a visiting web site may try to launch into your computer to send information back to the web site from your computer. Cookies sometimes have legitimate use, such as a secured site that you interchange important information on. They can help the site insure who it is communicating with but usually they are just mild spyware. TCP web site will never launch a cookie at you computer. If you don't know how to stop cookies you should. TCP computers do not allow cookies except for a few sites that have legitimate use. For Windows Internet Explorer, see TOOLS>INTERNET OPTIONS>PRIVACY and set the sliding control to "Block all Cookies". You can always change it temporarily if you need to. Always delete the cookies when done. See TOOLS>INTERNET OPTIONS>GENERAL and delete cookies.

"System Restore" This is the one that can save your butt. Windows computers can store your systems settings so an introduced problem can be defeated by resetting your system to what it was hours/days/months ago. This is one of several ways to get at this important control. Go to START>SEARCH and select, "all files and folders" and in the "file name" box write, "system restore". By the way, this tool can find anything you are looking for in your computer. Click on SEARCH. Soon a line with 'system restore' will appear in the window at right. Double click on the line to open or better yet, left click and hold on the icon at the left side of the line and "drag" the icon across the screen onto your desktop so you can enter it easier next time. Open and click on the line that says, SYSTEM RESTORE SETTINGS and make sure it isn't turned off. I set the capacity at maximum. This window carries clear instruction. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED!!

What has TCP done to protect you and ourselves? TCP has sacrificed considerable income from web ads to protect you. Google ads and the like could present links on the web site that TCP might consider inappropriate or dangerous, therefore they aren't there. TCP is having second thoughts about the security of the PDF reader we have had a link to, so am replacing it with a program that functions better and can be loaded to a folder in your 'documents' file, not requiring it to be 'installed' on your hard drive to work. This new reader is downloaded direct



This is a "screenshot" taken of a healthy and properly used Linux computer system... oh for your windows users I forgot.. you can't take a screenshot! Simple, clean and honest.

from the TCP site so no link to a place beyond TCP control. These measures have cost TCP thousands of \$\$ and the favour of the search engines.

TCP computers use an operating system that is all but bullet proof. We have a particular version of a Linux system that allows web browsing and email, word processing, PDF reading and making, photo editing, etc.. that is clean, simple, and very robust. It can be run by itself or loaded onto Windows computers. That way you choose what system you prefer at start up so essentially you are running two computers in one. It takes the stress out of the web! Data can be safely transferred from one side of this "dual booting" system to the other. If you are interested in this, send TCP \$35 for the copying and mailing and we'll send you a disc. The disc allows you to run it to look it over before you install which you should do. Don't take any ones word for anything, mine included. Assume there is an angle and be suspicious..there is a fortune to be made by plundering your privacy and the players are savage. **"Only the paranoid survive"!**

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What is the "ENERGO-MARINE?"

Electricity on The Water

The Energo-Marine mobile power unit consists of two small parts that supply electric energy to the yacht with AC power capacity of 4KW 220 /110 V , 50/60HZ, welding DC 200A, battery charging 12-24V, eliminating the need of a heavy generator that requires high maintenance, and is space consuming!



The Energo-Marine includes two elements: an alternator that is installed on the yacht's motor, and a small electronic box (20x17xH15) that is inserted "backstage" and enables electric sockets to be placed anywhere on the yacht. The box's cable is connected directly to the existing switchboard. In fact, as it is impossible to obtain the "shore voltage" during sailing, it is impossible to use electric appliances unless an expensive and demanding high maintenance generator or low-capacity battery emptying converters are installed.

The Energo-Marine solves this problem and enables yachtsmen to use electric appliances while sailing effortlessly, without special operating skills, heavy gensets, spares or maintenance!

Just imagine all the advantages of sailing the yacht in the open sea while simultaneously enjoying air conditioning, lighting, electric grill, microwave, television, computer, desalinators, and large emergency water pumps.

The Energo-Marine is the only option among all other alternatives in means of capacity, safety, maintenance, low weight and at an incredibly low price!

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Concert Cruise



Story & Photos by Chris Ayres,
SY Lady Lonsdale

Each year in the tropical winter of July a cultural event of quality takes place in the regional capital of Townsville, in North Queensland. The Australian Festival of Chamber Music, as it is known, began in 1991 as a result of a collaboration between James Cook University and New York based conductor, Theodore Kuchar. With little government support, the Festival has become largely self-funding. For ten days this otherwise unremarkable city becomes a hub of musical activity.

Having attended the Festival concerts regularly when we lived Townsville, last year we decided to cruise from Brisbane in our Moody Halberdier, 'Lady Lonsdale'. It turned out to be something of an obstacle course rather than a simple and relaxing sail.

Obstacle 1 The Wide Bay Bar

The Wide Bay Bar is one of the more notorious barred entrances on the East Australian Coast. It has a 'dog-leg' in its approach and is highly unpredictable if there is a S/E swell of over a metre since this can cause 'rogue waves' to build up unexpectedly. So we waited until the weather was right, leaving Brisbane in late morning on 10th May, in order to cross the bar at first light the next day. We timed it nicely and safely entered the Sandy Straits, despite breaking waves ahead and beside us. Although the marvels of electronic navigation can guide a yacht through the passage, the 'mark 1 eyeball' is the primary navigation tool. It was easy enough to see the path to clear water, which did not exactly match the waypoints. After entering the Sandy Straits off Fraser island, we headed next for Bundaberg.

Obstacle 2

The need to supplement our income

Although Rhonda and I are both retired, I still do a little work for one of the universities, writing and marking materials in taxation law. So on the way up and on the way back, we stopped at marinas whilst I ploughed through material some might consider boring! Nevertheless, we still had time to enjoy Bundaberg, an attractive and prosperous little sugar town situated up the Burnett River. Apart from its ready access to the southern waters on the Barrier Reef, it is an interesting town to visit because of its well-preserved examples of late 19th and early 20th century architecture. It is also a very friendly place. But two weeks was a long time if we wanted to be in Townsville in time to hear the Shostakovich Trio Op 67 on night one!

Obstacle 3 - Breakdowns

No long trip is without its little mechanical problems. Just after leaving Bundaberg, our high-output alternator went on holiday. This was not serious we had a secondary alternator on the engine as well as banks of solar panels and a wind generator that in the weather we experienced put out enough power to feed the national grid!

More serious was the autopilot, which developed an intermittent fault. It would not despite all the care and fine adjustment and all the threats and curses steer a

straight course. It zigzagged, in classic anti-submarine convoy style. Because we were so dependent on it, I dared not tinker with it. When we got home, I found some previous owner had cut the wire from the fluxgate compass in order to pass the lead through a bulkhead. In reconnecting it they had neglected to connect the braided shield so the autopilot picked up spurious interference. So we zigzagged 1500 miles!

Obstacle 4 War Games

If we were to arrive in Townsville by early July, we had to pass through a vast area on the central coast of Queensland known as Shoalwater Bay. It contains one of the most pristine coastal forest beaches and harbours in Queensland, with a diversity of bird life whilst the waters in the inlets and bays contain turtles and dugong.

But the area is also used by not just the Australian Defence Forces, but the US military. For reasons best known to themselves, the defence forces seem to like to keep these events if not secret at least not well advertised. Just before leaving we found, after searching the ADF's web-site, that over 10,000 troops, were going to 'invade' the area whilst the various air forces practised their skills at dropping live bombs. I hate to think what this does to the wild-life, but it can't be described as 'environmentally sound'! Operation 'Talisman Sabre' as it was called - was to start on 10th June and extend through to 20th June. After we set sail from Bundaberg, we heard that the exercises were to be extended for another week closing off some 120 miles of coast for the duration. If we wanted to get to the concerts, we simply had to be through the area before the war-games started or face an overnight sail through waters containing numerous small islets, larger islands and coral reefs. And warships! So obstacle four was to influence obstacle five.

Obstacle 5 the weather

Because of this new deadline, we could not wait for the ideal weather. So on 2nd June we left the Keppel islands in Force 7 winds rising to Force 8, for the first dash to Port Clinton, some 50 miles north. We literally shot along, but the zigzagging autopilot made setting the genoa well nigh impossible. In trying to pole the genoa out, I injured my shoulder. Then, as we were approaching the narrow entrance, the mobile phone rang as they do at moments like this. Friends wondering how we were going and another call from younger daughter asking me a question about her tax! The log reads "here we are in the middle of the b..dy ocean, shortening sail, trying to stay on course and nine miles to go. Are they daft?".

We took the luxury of a couple of days to recuperate whilst the wind howled outside the protected natural harbour. We stuck our noses outside on 5th June only to find the winds just as strong, but we decided to head to Island Head Creek, the next protected inlet in the Shoalwater Bay area, some fifteen miles further north. It was pouring with rain and cold the 'terrible three' cold, wet AND windy! We entered the creek - rocks to the starboard, rocks to port and breaking sandbanks ahead - but once inside all was calm. We stopped to admire the beautiful hills, small beaches, and resolved to spend more time here next time.

The following day we sailed for the Percy islands clear at last of military pressures. We spent a little time to explore South Percy Island. Before enjoying a lovely sail from the Percy isles to Scawfell Island the southern most island of the Whitsunday group. Even the zigzagging didn't make so much of difference and 'Lady Lonsdale' covered the 70 miles in 10 hours.

The Whitsunday islands are rightly famous for spectacular sailing. I set the MPS and mizzen as we sailed at eight knots down Whitsunday Passage hand steering. We stopped briefly at Airlie Beach to visit friends and then hopped between the picturesque bays north of Airlie beach. These anchorages are less well known and generally not available to charter boats, so it is possible in peak season to have a small bay all to oneself. But we had to keep moving. We stopped briefly at the historic little town of Bowen for water and fuel. Because the winds were from the wrong direction, we motor-sailed the next 70 miles to Cape Upstart. Cape Upstart is deep bay behind a prominent headland protected from the south but rather open to the north east. We had three days to go. The next morning at 03.30 we motored, motor-sailed and finally sailed the 92 miles to Horseshoe Bay in Magnetic island, hand steering much of the way. Horseshoe Bay is a beautiful bay with long sandy beaches, shops, a pub and is protected from all but the north-west. We spent a lot of time there (riding out a gale!) on the way back. It also has internet access so I was able to book our tickets and book into the marina. Next day we left for the final 16 miles to Townsville.

Obstacle 6 a silted entrance!

But we missed the Shostakovich! I knew the marina well from the days when we used to live in Townsville. But it has been let to run down and unknown to us, the entrance had silted to less than one metre. We had to wait for the tide!

The Concerts

Despite this disappointment, the Festival lived up to all our expectations. The program was packed concerts began at 11.00 am, followed by late afternoon performances at 5.30 with the 'major' performances usually held at 8.00 pm. As well, there were several workshops held during the day in which young musicians had the opportunity to work with and learn from the leading performers at the Festival. The public could attend many of these workshops as audience. The performers included some of the most internationally celebrated musicians to mention a few - Theodore Kuchar (viola and director), pianist Pascal Rogé, violinists Dean Olding and Dimity Hall from the highly acclaimed Australian Chamber Orchestra, Kirsti Harms, William Barton (celebrated player of the Didgeridoo). The programs covered a full spectrum from late 20th century to renaissance, with a special program for children (of all ages) entitled the Enchanted Wonderland with performances of Ravel's 'Mother Goose' and Poulenc's 'Baba the Elephant'. There were new works by Australian composer Peter Sculthorpe for Didgeridoo and a night of Bach by Candlelight Rhonda's favourite evening was the Vivaldi Four Seasons presented by the Winterschool Orchestra (players from the workshops) lead by American violinist James Buswell who introduced each concerto in a similar style to that of Nigel Kennedy. I loved all the concerts, but particularly enjoyed the Beethoven evening.

Overall, it was a stunning event and worth surmounting all the obstacles!

The return trip

The weather decided to be kind to us for our return south. We sailed most of the way and visited some lovely places in company with many pods of migrating whales and dolphins. Magnetic Island's Horseshoe Bay, Pearl Bay, Great Keppel island, Pancake Creek and the waters inside Fraser island are all magnificent, each in its own way. It is hard to pick favourites, but Port Newry in the lower Whitsundays and some twenty miles north of the busy township of Mackay became our special place. It is a vast protected waterway, with timbered islets, clean white beaches all set in a protected national park. The parks are carefully maintained, with shelters, water (rainwater is collected in tanks from the roofs of these shelters) toilets and even barbecues just to remind the visitor if needed - this is Australia!



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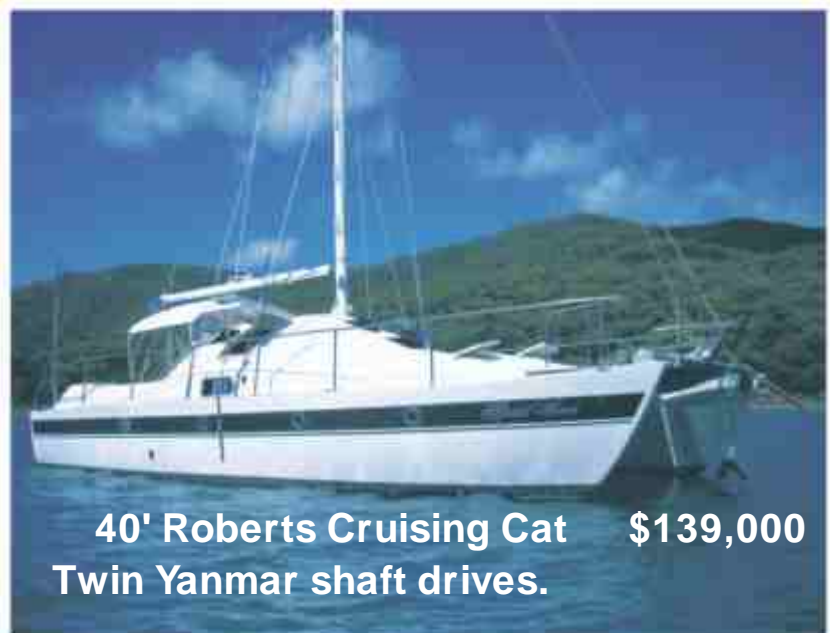
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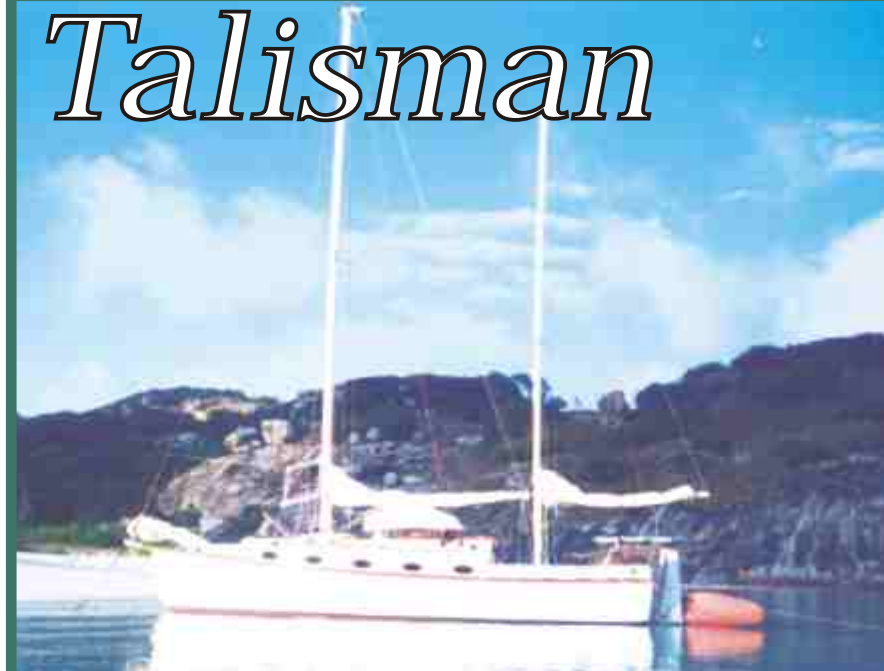


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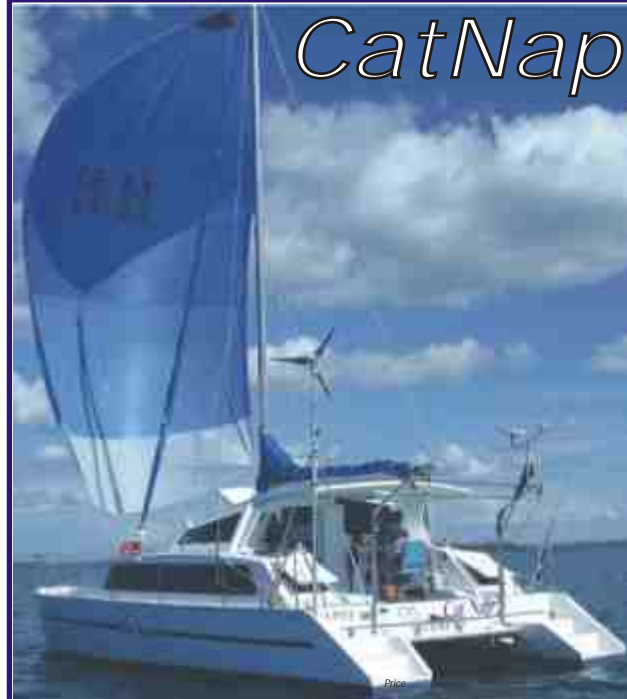


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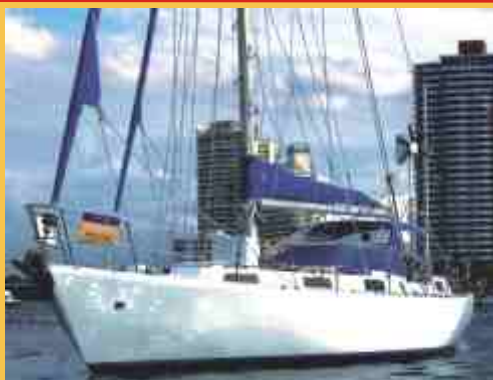
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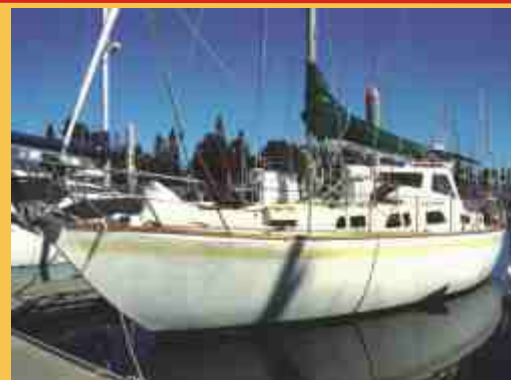
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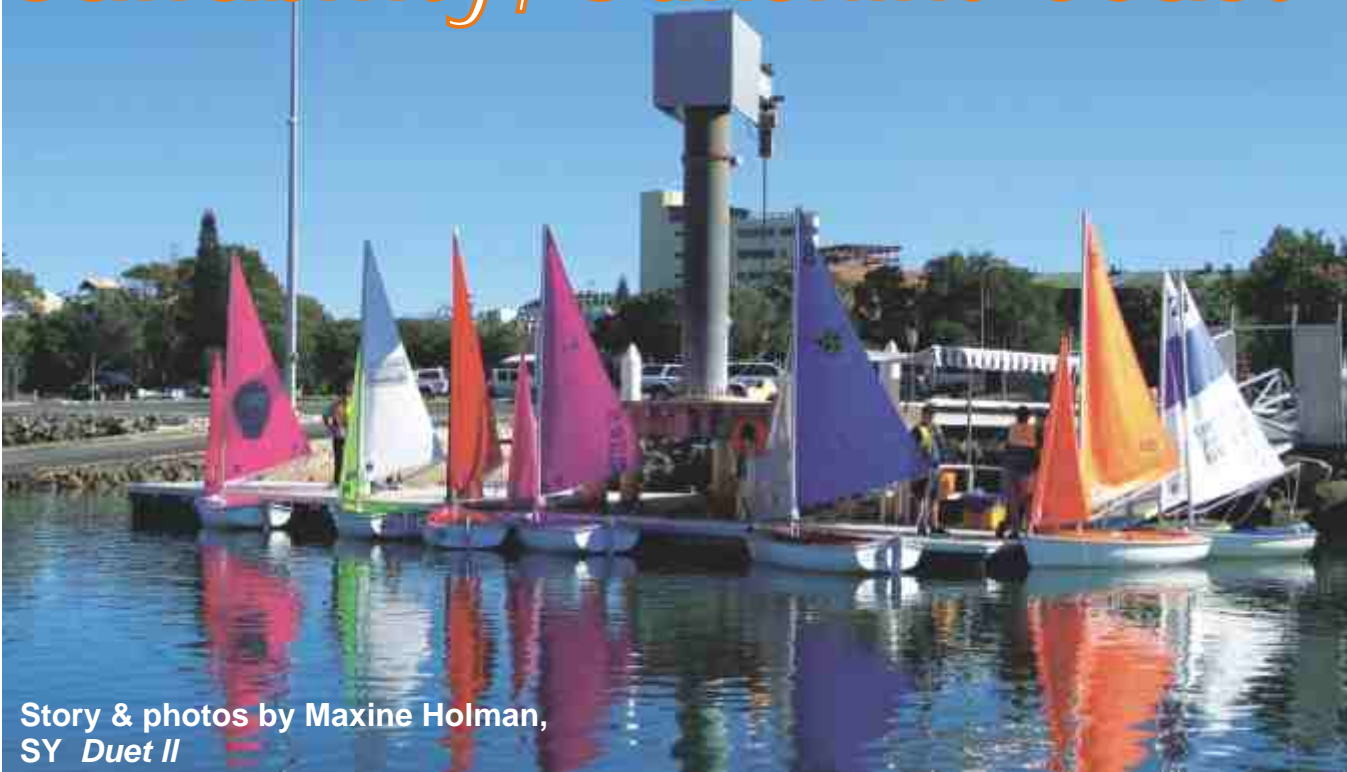
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Sailability, Sunshine Coast



Murray with his best mate & Marina patrol dog, Luka
 for someone to open the gate and proceeds to make himself indispensable on the foreshore. He can be seen eagerly rushing backwards and forwards, welcoming everyone and checking on safe entry and exits from the boats. Entertaining and interacting and then 'helping' with the big clean-up. A bit of sausage, a piece of bun, in fact anything of the edible kind disappears like magic. No piece too small for disposal. After all, a dog's gotta do what a dog's gotta do!
 By the time everything is packed away and the last visitor escorted off the property, it is early afternoon and Luka returns to his berth on E jetty to await Murray's return. Nothing is said. Luka is not hungry that night. Next morning everything returns to normal, until the next *Sailability* day, that is.

Story & photos by Maxine Holman, SY Duet II

Twice a week the waters around the Mooloolaba Marina are dotted with the colourful sails of 10 tiny yachts. They are the property of *Sailability Sunshine Coast Inc.* An organisation dedicated to introducing disabled people to the pleasures of sailing.
 On the grassy foreshore, activities begin early with the arrival of rostered volunteers. They rig the Access 303 and 2.2 dinghies, arrange seating under cover and fire up the ever important barbecue. The chief co-ordinator of *Sailability*, Norah Cooke draws from 45 assessed volunteers to assist. She arranges rosters, keeps everything humming, and probably does a lot more behind the scene preparations than she reveals. President John Cooke can be found distributing life jackets and overseeing activities at the waters edge. Many others assist in the launching and running of two safety boats, skippering the dinghies and working the hoist used to lift disabled clients in and out of the dinghies.
 It's not long before the whole scene takes on a festive atmosphere. Clients begin to arrive (60 are registered)

accompanied by parents and carers, all looking forward to time on the water. Since its introduction three clients have become proficient enough to go solo. It's a 'full on' morning! Sometimes the breeze is a bit scarce but none can deny the pleasure gained by sailing in such leisurely and tranquil conditions. By the time the smell of sizzling sausages and fried onions wafts across the water hungry sailors and skippers are lining up for a feed.
 Enter Luka... Luka and his mate Murray live on E jetty at the marina. Murray works in the boating industry. Most days they are inseparable, except on *Sailability* Tuesday and Fridays. Luka has an internal clock that tells him it is **not** a good idea to leave the marina those days and cannot be stirred from his feather doona before the smell of ready sausages wafts his way. It's then he springs to action, trots along the jetty, waits



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"This is the water tank that we hauled / pushed up to the top of the sand dune above the Aframe. Those involved were Bill, Brad, Dave and Brendan from "Goldrush", Frank & Kate from "Zuri", Steve From "Felix", Cate and John from "Middle Percy". Steve worked the chain block while the rest pushed.

The tank will be filled from one of the creeks that run into the lagoon the next time we get good rain. We plan to get a shower going again and supply water to the washing up facility in the Aframe some time soon.

Thanks to all, Cate & John"



OUT THERE!

THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE OUT THERE
ON THAT DESERT DEEPLY DROWNED
SOME FREEDOM FLOATING GYPSY
OR RICH, MARINA BOUND

DOESN'T MATTER WHO IS OUT THERE
OR WHAT IT IS THEY FLOAT
IT'S OUR SPIRIT THAT IS OUT THERE
UPON THIS GLOBAL MOAT

TO SOME IT'S HI-ADVENTURE
OR A CHALLENGE OUTWARD BOUND
BUT SOMETHING'S SHRINKING OUT THERE
AS OUR SPIRITS ARE BEING GROUND

THOSE PHANTOMS WORKING OUT THERE
THERE EYE UPON US KEEP
AND NOTCH ANOTHER REASON
TO RULE OUR DESERT DEEP

THEY TREAT US ALL AS IDIOTS
AND BOLDLY TELL US SO
NOT FRIENDS THEY MAKE WHEN OUT THERE
BUT JUST A COMMON FOE

TAKE A FOOL AND POWER MINGLE
A FUSE SELF SET ALIGHT
WITH BAD MANNERS WHEN THEY'RE OUT THERE
ARE A BUREAUCRATS DELIGHT

THEY KNOW NOT WHAT A JIB IS
OR A TENDER A SMALL BOAT
BUT FORCE THEIR RULES UNCOMMON
WHEN OUT THERE
OUT THERE ON OUR MOAT

NO BUREAUCRAT IS EVER SEEN
TOAD HALLS THEY LIVE INSIDE
INSIDE BEING THE OPPOSITE
TO OUT THERE, FAR AND WIDE

THEY TAX US THEN THEY FINE US
TO JUSTIFY THEIR PAY
WITH SOME RULE JUST WRITTEN DOWN
NO OLDER THAN A DAY
TO MEASURE WHEN WE'RE OUT THERE
TO WHERE AND HOW WE STAY

ITS SAD WHEN REALLY OUT THERE
ITS REALLY YOURS AND MINE
NO NEED A FOOLS PEN, POWER WRITTEN
WITH RULES SET ON A CROOKED LINE.

©LANCE T. Feb '08
SY "GALADRIEL"



CUTTING CORNERS

By Wendy of Absolutely

As all yachties know, cutting corners isn't necessarily a good thing, whether it is painting, maintenance, safety issues or just plain sailing. One thing I have learned about sailing the east coast, or indeed anywhere in the world, is that what you see on the surface doesn't equate with what is underneath. Water is a tricky substance and whoever penned the words 'still waters run deep' hasn't ever had to sail up a sheltered channel on their way to a marina. This boat must have had those words ringing in their ears as they quietly motored their way up this anonymous creek on a falling tide in the hope of making it home in time for tea. Not to be and if a picture paints a thousand words, I should stop writing now.

Returning to my original comment, a corner was cut (literally) and this was the result. Luckily all it took was a couple of scotch and cokes before the boat was floating again, but not before all and sundry had taken their tenders out for a look...er, to offer help I mean. An extra stern anchor was delivered and those aboard appraised to ensure their comfort and safety was in hand, then we all sat back to assess how much ribbing the skipper would put up with before resigning her position. She must be a good sport as she's still the skip despite us renaming that corner after her. Anyway, as I pen this prose, a little voice is reminding me that a couple of months ago my skipper got a little close to the mangroves in this same channel and, yep, I did have to go below to put the kettle on while we waited for the tide. Oops.



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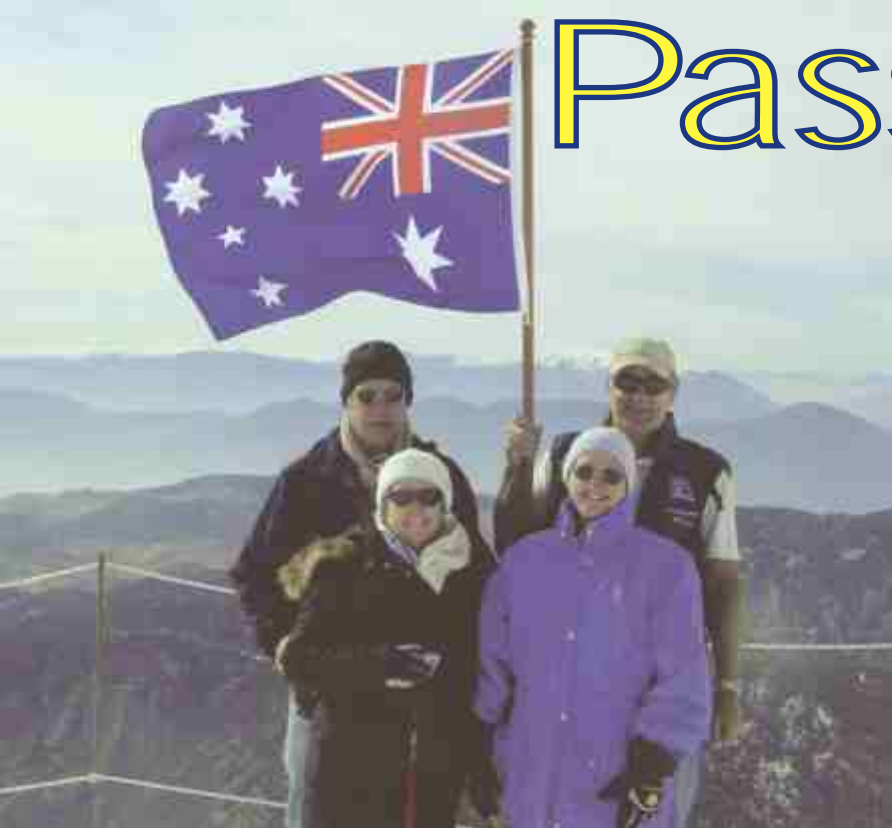
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Passage People



Aussies are EVERYWHERE!!

That's Bob and Rosemary of *Halcyon Days* (upper left) of WA and Gail and Stephen of Darwin boat *Gone Troppo*. But that's not Threadbow they are standing on. That's Tahtali Dag in Turkey near Kemer marina! Bob & Rosemary bought their Bavaria in Spain and have cruised from there while *Gone Troppo* has done it the hard way. That's her below in the sling at Marmaris. Betcha there are some good stories to tell of their adventures so far. Thanks for the piccys you two crews and stay in touch!



Soleares

It's taken 32 issues of TCP to finally get a chance to feature Alan and Patricia Lucas on this page... but it's hard to catch a moving target. Soleares makes a great home and studio for a very prolific writer and TCP is glad of that as Alan makes time for regular articles of great interest. Having that fine talent for pointing out the relevant that could otherwise be missed and for providing instruction in a way that rewards inquiry rather making one feel lectured to. And known around the world. Karen Larsen of US mag *Good Old Boat* commenting on one of Alan's articles in TCP, realising that "He's your Alan Lucas too, as well as our Alan Lucas". And the body of work done whilst building.. how many boats..? Our own nautical over-achievers... what would we do without our Lucas Guides!?



Sciolto

It isn't often one gets to meet confirmed monohullists who have actually lived and sailed on a cat and are now going back to a mono. Judy and Bill of *Sciolto* are just such a couple.

They have been sailing for 30 years, including a run from Bass Strait to Darwin, onto Ambon and Indonesia, then back to the East coast. After selling their boat and becoming landrats for a time, one look at *Sciolto*, a 35' Simpson sailing catamaran, and the need to sail was just too strong. *Sciolto* now has to go as Judy has her eye on a Beneteau, and Judy should know what she wants she has lived, worked and crewed on several 100ft superyachts over the years and has some marvelous stories to tell about the famous people who own them.

At present Bill and Judy are based at the Bluewater Marina in Cairns while Bill finishes a fitting contract at a minesite. After that it's full time retirement and some serious cruising. I've heard that no one in the marina goes hungry while Bill is away, as Judy loves to cook, so Jude, bring on those homemade sausage rolls and hotdogs. The boys sure will miss you when you're gone.

Photo & words courtesy of Wendy, SY *Absolutely*



send us your pics!

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Wanderlight



"It's a year and a bit now since our big adventure sailing up the Queensland coast with our kids, and I look back and think how glad I am that we did it. We really did it. It almost didn't happen, was extremely frustrating at times, but it brought us an incredible mixture of fantastic opportunities and heart-stopping scary situations. And it brought us all closer together as a family. A real adventure and a half!" And so their adventure began... Anyone who has read this paper for a while knows how much the editor likes to see young families on boats. A priceless thing to share and a great way to grow up. Look for the beginning of their story next TCP. That's Leonie and Seine with son Quinnlan and daughter Moira.